

PRINCESS "PAT'S" WEDDING—MINERS' DECISION

The Daily Mirror

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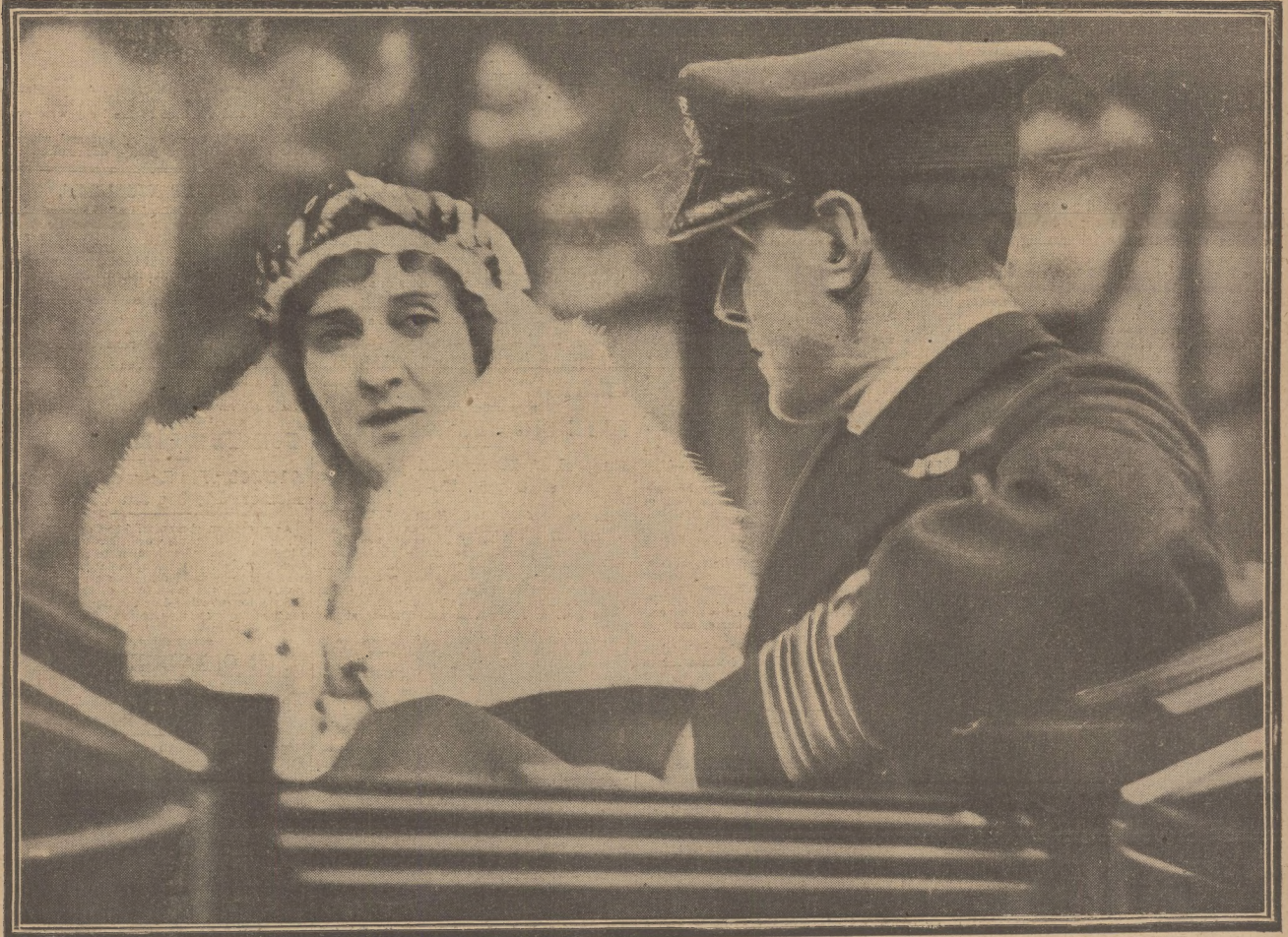
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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

THE HAPPY ENDING TO PRINCESS PATRICIA'S ROMANCE



Driving away from the Abbey man and wife. The bride has relinquished the style of Royal Highness and the title of Princess of Great Britain.



Queen Alexandra arriving.



A huge crowd watches the bride and her father leaving St. James' Palace for the Abbey.



Princess Mary arriving.

With the marriage yesterday of Princess Patricia (for the last time she will be thus styled) to Commander the Hon. A. Ramsay, ends a royal romance of long standing. The happy couple met and fell in love when the bridegroom was A.D.C. to the Duke of Con-

naught in Canada, and it is only recently that the difficulties which prevented their union were removed. By great good fortune the weather was fine, and the crowd, therefore, was able to see the bride in her wedding dress.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)

SILVER-AND-WHITE PRINCESS PATRICIA BECOMES SAILOR'S WIFE

Gems Gleam in Chaplet of Lovely Bride.

SCENES IN ABBEY.

King and Queen and Many Royalties at Ceremony.

CHEERS AND SMILES.

Sailors' Greeting—Soldiers Wave "Tin Hats" on Bayonets.

Flags flew aloft and waiting crowds of women, dense packed from Clarence House to Westminster Abbey, cheered as the wedding of the Abbey a little before one o'clock yesterday rang joyously to announce that her Royal Highness Princess Patricia of Connaught had been wedded to Commander the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, and was henceforth to be known as Lady Patricia Ramsay, a sailor's wife.

A crowd of just under a thousand women were standing or seated on camp stools around the Abbey before the breakfast hour.

A long queue of invited peeresses, holding entrance tickets in their hands, were standing under the special awning at ten in the morning.

The Premier was prevented from attending by State business. Among the 3,000 guests were Sir D. Beatty and Sir J. Byng, Sir W. Robertson, Admiral Sims and Mr. Winston Churchill.

The vast building was faintly filled with blue mist; the sacristy, lined with tapestries and gilding, lit by innumerable candles, stood out a golden glare in the greyness.

Small gold seats were arranged in rows on either side of the altar, with gold and rose prie-dieu in front for the use of the Royal Family.

At the foot of the altar steps sat the bridegroom's family, faced by the ladies and gentlemen of the Court.

But the seating was thoroughly democratic in character, nurses, soldiers and women workers being seated amongst the Court.

QUEEN AMELIE ARRIVES.

Flame Satin Hat of Sweden's Crown Princess.

A party of sailors from H.M.S. George V. lined the nave.

Well before the hour of the ceremony Queen Amelie arrived, kissing her hand to acquaintances.

She was joined by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, with her husband and young son, and the Earl and Countess of Medina.

Princess Alice wore a mushroom gown of georgette over satin, embroidered in silk and gold, and a hat of mushroom chiffon and feathers; the countess a little toque of blue and a fur coat.

The ex-King Manoel led up his wife, wearing a chinchilla coat. They were quickly followed by the Prince Royal, in anemist velvet trimmed with grey fur.

The Crown Princess of Sweden, wearing union, with the Crown Princess, sister of the bride, took their seats on the opposite side of the altar the Prince of Wales in a blue gown of champagne and cherry standing out under the candle light.

Beside the royal couple sat Princess Arthur of Connaught, in silver fox fur, a silver hat and a grey gown, with her husband, Princess Beatrice joining them.

THE SAILOR BRIDEGROOM.

Schoolboy Greeting from Heir to the Dalhousie Earldom.

The bridegroom then took his place in the pew where, with his relatives, being eagerly greeted by the schoolboy Lord Ramsay, his brother's heir.

Every eye was levelled upon the good-looking sailor, who looked occasionally at his watch and consulted with his best man.

As the organ played the "Sonata Britannica" Queen Alexandra was led up the aisle by the Dean of Westminster.

She looked radiant in a coat of black and blue gleaming sequin, her hat bearing shaded mauve plumes.

Queen Amelie kissed Queen Alexandra's hand and then her cheek.

A stir went through the church, the audience rising to its feet as the clergy, in processional order, led up the King and Queen, the choir singing the psalm "God be merciful unto us."

His Majesty, in naval uniform, and the Queen wearing grey velvet and a high Russian hat of silver and sable.

The congregation leant forward eagerly to see the khaki-clad Prince of Wales, who walked with Prince Albert.

The organ pealed; the choir's voices were heard singing "Praise My Soul."

The groom rose, adjusted his sword, and stood alone at the altar.

The Archbishop slowly paced to the steps of the sacristy to greet the royal bride, who was seen, erect, radiant and superbly lovely, gravely walking up the aisle on the arm of her father, the Duke of Connaught.

The diamonds in her chaplet of orange blossom holding the long veil gleamed as she turned her head to smile a steady, sweet smile at the bridegroom.

The Princess wore a gown of white Roche panno, under a dress of silver lace caught up with silver "true-lovers knots" fringed with acorns.

Tucked in her girdle was a cluster of white heather and myrtle. She wore her veil off her face in Royal Bride fashion.

A distance behind, holding out the stiff long train of silver cloth, stood the little pages, the Earl of Macduff and the Hon. Simon Ramsay. Behind stood the maids of honour, little girls with ribbon chaplets in their hair and short blue gowns, the bigger bridesmaids led by Princess Mary and Princess Maud, wearing blue "love in the mist" hats, with blue gowns and sashes of white and blue.

Princess Mary, flushed with excitement, bent her head from time to time to smell her bouquet of rose, purple and blue flowers.

GREETING TO KING AND QUEEN

Bride's Diamonds Gleaming in the Abbey Lights.

With the solemn words: "I, Victoria Patricia Helena Elizabeth, take thee, Alexander Robert Maule, to my wedded husband, to have and to hold, the Princess, who then in station loves became the wife of her chosen mate.

The anthem poured through the Abbey and the bride and bridegroom were led to the altar steps, where they knelt in prayer.

A solemn discourse was given by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the procession, headed by the Golden Cross, moved to the vestry.

There was a considerable pause before the "Wedding March" struck up. The royal party did not go to the vestry to sign the register.

As the happy music pealed out the clergy reappeared in procession, leading the newly-made man and wife to face the congregation.

As the bride, all shimmering in cloth of silver, passed the King and Queen she dropped a deep curtsy, her husband bowing low.

The bride, turning to smile at Commander Ramsay, set the diamonds in her hair and at her waist gleaming in the lights.

Then slowly they stepped down into the aisle and paced to the great doors, where rows of the Princess' regiment, waving their steel helmets upon their bayonets, and sailors from H.M.S. George V. gave the first greetings to the married couple.

Behind the bridesmaids walked the royal relatives, the bride's father giving his arm to the Queen, the King leading Queen Alexandra.

Behind came the groom's family, to see the bridal couple drive away in an open royal carriage drawn by four milk-white horses and preceded by outriders in scarlet.

Despite the chill of the day, Lady Patricia Ramsay threw open her cloak of white fur to let the thousands of cheering, waving women assembled have a glimpse of her wonderful gown and jewels.

"LIKE A FAIRY TALE."

All Smiles from Clarence House to the Abbey.

Rich and poor, peeress and parlourmaid, all looked to the Princess Patricia as she drove to the Abbey and Lady Patricia Ramsay drive away.

It seemed that all London was there along the line of route.

Even the tiny tots who came with their mothers were spell-bound with interest—what child is not thrilled by a Princess marrying her true love? It was like a fairy tale.

So one and all greeted the Princess with a roar of cheers—a real, hearty, happy din of welcome, as she passed on her way, a sweet, slim figure in white.

There were smiles all the way—Canadian "Tommys" yelled their utmost; Waacs, Wrens, Government girls and hospital sisters screamed.

But the "Tommys" frantically waving handkerchiefs; elderly women laughed and cried at the same time.

Statues, the tanks and guns in the Mall, the branches of the trees were soon covered with eager boys and girls anxious to see the Royal Bride.

Fifty guests, all relatives of the happy pair, sat down to the wedding luncheon in the Picture Gallery of St. James' Palace. The toast of "The Bride and Bridegroom" was proposed by the King.

Many hundreds of people waited outside Clarence House to catch a glimpse of Lady Patricia and Commander Alexander Ramsay, R.N., leaving for their honeymoon; but where it will be spent has been kept a close secret.

Shortly after three o'clock the motor car containing the bridal couple appeared. At once the crowds broke through the cordon of police and stopped the car. It was found impossible to proceed. A seething crowd of men, women and children shouted their congratulations.

Meanwhile a line of spectators had appeared to watch from the wall at Clarence House.

Lady Patricia Ramsay wore a wonderful hat of grey pedal straw, trimmed with a large Paradise plume shading from elephant grey to silver, in admirable contrast to her dark costume.



Lady Sykes who, it is suggested, should be a candidate for Central Hall.



Miss Violet Pennant, who was mentioned in the House of Lords. (See this page.)

SHOOTING TRAGEDY.

Major Found Dead—Mother Seriously Wounded.

MYSTERY OF A FLAT.

A distressing tragedy occurred last night in West London, Mrs. Cheney, the mother of an officer in the Royal Air Force, being found suffering from bullet wounds in the legs and lower part of the body. Her son, Major Cheney, was found shot dead.

Shortly after eight o'clock revolver shots were heard being fired in a flat at Talgarth Mansions, Talgarth-road. Baron's Court, which was occupied by the deceased and his mother.

Cheney was discovered lying in a pool of blood while in one of the rooms the body of Major Cheney was discovered on the floor in a pool of blood. By his side was found a revolver.

Mrs. Cheney was conveyed to the Kensington Infirmary, where she is stated to be in a critical condition.

Major Cheney and his mother had resided in the district during the past two years and were well known, and the major, it is stated, had been engaged in writing a book of his experiences as a flying officer at the front.

LATE SIR BERTRAM LIMA

Funeral at Hampstead Cemetery at 3 p.m. To-day.

The funeral of the late Sir Bertram L. Lima, the Chairman of the Board of Directors of *The Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial*, the *Leeds Mercury* and the *Glasgow Daily Record*, will take place to-day at Hampstead Cemetery, Fortune Green-road, West Hampstead, at 3 p.m.

The first portion of the service will be held at St. Mary's, Bryanston-square, at 2 p.m.

The Rev. L. J. Percival will officiate at the funeral.

At the request of the family, all flowers are to be sent direct to *The Daily Mirror* Office, Boulevard-street, Fleet-street. A large number of very beautiful wreaths were received yesterday.

The nearest railway station to St. Mary's Church, Bryanston-square, is Marble Arch. The nearest railway station to Hampstead Cemetery is the West Hampstead Station on the Metropolitan Railway.

The following resolution has been passed by the Newspaper Conference, representing the London and Provincial Press:—

"That this conference, representing the London and Provincial Press, Lord Burnham in the chair, desires to record its deep regret at the premature death of Sir Bertram Lima, whose career was brilliant both in performance and promise, and desires to express its sympathy with his relatives in their bereavement."

"NOBODY'S LOVER."

Powerful "Daily Mirror" Serial Begins To-day.

Miss Ruby M. Ayres, the famous novelist and serial writer, has written a story which will take rank as among the best of its kind.

The opening instalment will be found on pages 12 and 13 of to-day's issue of *The Daily Mirror*.

It is the story of a girl with a "career." A fascinating girl, but subject to impulses, she began by instinctively disliking the man who afterwards turned out to be her best friend, and who ultimately helped her to realise her ambition.

WHY MISS PENNANT WENT.

Admission That She Was Not Considerately Treated.

That Miss Violet Douglas Pennant was superseded because, in the opinion of Lord Weir, she was unable to overcome the enormous difficulties which surrounded her position in connection with the Women's Royal Air Force, was stated by Lord Londonderry in the Lords last night.

It was the fact that she had not been treated with the consideration to which she was entitled, and Lord Weir would be the first to acknowledge that and to offer apologies.

WELLS KNOCKED OUT BY BECKETT.

His Wife Says, "Never Mind, Billy."

TOUCHING SCENE.

Joe Beckett knocked out "Bombardier" Wells during the fifth round of the great boxing contest at the Holborn Stadium.

It was a wonderful night; the stadium was crowded, and the famous *Daily Mirror* lights shed a white radiance over the "square circle."

The only notes of colour were furnished by the women in the audience. One woman had a wide-brimmed scarlet hat which filled the entire window of the box in which she was sitting.

The women applauded copiously, and once, to the amusement of the gallery, they applauded a "second" when he entered the ring.

Khaki and the blue of the Navy were everywhere.

After Wells was knocked out and while he was being raised, a pretty, dark-haired little

GREAT PICTURES.

On page 14 will be found the wonderful pictures which portray the dramatic story of the Wells v. Beckett bout. They are exclusive to *The Daily Mirror* and are among the most vivid boxing photographs ever taken under the famous *Daily Mirror* lights.

woman, wearing a cerise-coloured gown, walked to the corner of the ring and waited.

She put her arm round Wells and said, "Never mind, Billy."

When Wells came out she led him away with tears in her eyes. It was Mrs. Wells.

A special description of the boxing by *The Daily Mirror* boxing expert appears on page 15.

FOR THE IRISH GUARDS.

£10,000 War Loan as Regimental Memorial to Captain Harmsworth.

As a regimental memorial to Captain the Hon. B. A. V. St. G. Harmsworth, M.C., Irish Guards, Lord Rothermere has handed to trustees £10,000 Five per Cent. War Loan, the annual income of which is to be applied in such a manner in connection with the mess fund of the regiment as the Lieutenant-colonel or the Lieutenant-colonels for the time being may decide. It is to be known as the Captain Harmsworth Memorial Fund.

SIR O. LODGE RETIRES.

To Study the Problem of the Ether of Space.

The famous scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge, the Principal of Birmingham University, announced his decision, yesterday, to resign the post.

He had passed the professional age limit and intended to devote the remainder of his life to the problem of the ether of space in both its physical and psychological relations.



Sir Oliver Lodge.

GIRL CHUMS' DEATH PACT.

Young Woman Who Was "Too Tired to Wish to Live."

Letters addressed to relatives which were read at a Southampton inquest yesterday on Ada May Brown, eighteen, and Daisy Winifred Holloway, sixteen, two chums who worked together in a local tobacco factory, whose dead bodies, tied together, were found in a pool, left no doubt that the deceased had entered into a solemn pact to die together.

Holloway wrote: "Just a line to let you know that I am, oh, so tired of life, and so have put up with me to my miserable existence. I am perfectly sane, but too tired to wish to live."

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide whilst of unsound mind.

INFLUENZA TRAGEDY.

Street calls for ambulances to take people suddenly smitten with "flu" yesterday numbered twenty-five.

Having just recovered himself, with one son lying dead in the house and two other members of his family taken away ill with influenza, E. T. Wyatt, of Ifford, hanged himself yesterday.

"LIVING CHEAPER BY 4s. A WEEK BY THE SUMMER"

THE PROBLEM OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

Sir R. Horne on Remedial Measures.

WOMEN AND WORK.

Sir Robert Horne, Minister for Labour, opening the Labour Conference at the Central Hall, Westminster, yesterday, made the following points:—

Unemployment is growing, but it is not greater than it was in 1914, and less than in previous years.

There is a very much larger proportion of unemployment amongst women, many of whom do not want after the war to return to industry, whilst another factor is the large amount of the unemployed donation which compares favourably with what they were able to earn prior to the war. ("Shame.")

The Government had decided to reduce the unemployment donation. Men for the next thirteen weeks would receive 20s. instead of 29s., and women 15s. instead of 25s., with additional allowances for children.

To alleviate unemployment the Government had taken measures that all contracts under the Ministry of Supplies should be hurried forward, and Government housing schemes were being pushed on with all possible speed.

The Government did not favour the establishment of national factories, which would hamper private enterprise.

Agreements had already been made on the hours question involving three million workers, and negotiations were proceeding covering another two million.

NEW FACTS OF MURDERED AMEER OF AFGHANISTAN.

Successor Expresses Loyalty and Friendship to Britain.

In the House of Lords yesterday Earl Curzon said that no further details of the murder of the Ameer of Afghanistan had been received.

It appeared that the Ameer, being in camp, his tent was entered early on the morning of the 20th and the Ameer killed by shooting. He was also speared.

Whether the crime was due to religious and fanatical reasons, politics or domestic intrigue, was not known.

The succession had been given to the late Ameer's brother, who had written to the Indian Government to express his loyalty and friendship.

WHAT THE BOLSHIES MEANT TO DO IN 1919.

How Civilians Have Been Massacred—Women "Proclaimed."

The Daily Mirror is informed that a captured document has reached our military authorities which contains plans of the Russian Military Commission, sitting at Moscow, for 1919.

Unimpeachable evidence confirms wholesale atrocities by the Bolshevists at Perm and Ekaterinburg.

The head of the American Red Cross mission states that hundreds of innocent civilians were massacred at the former place. Officers' shoulder straps were nailed into their shoulders, and priests were mutilated.

With regard to the famous proclamation of the nationalisation of women, letters have been received from districts in which this system has been put into operation.

LEAGUE PLAN BRITISH.

Among the remarks made by Mr. Wilson about the League of Nations, says Reuter, to the Committees is one he is stated to have made to one member of Congress to the effect that the constitution of the League was proposed by Great Britain, but that it was not the one General Smuts drew up.

The drafts proposed by the United States, France and Italy were rejected.

Serious trouble between Great Britain, France, America, Italy and Japan was, in his opinion, "unthinkable."

Mr. Wilson is reported to have said that Ireland would have no vote in the League, "as at present," and the Irish question was one for later solution between Ireland and Great Britain.—Reuter.

Shredded Suit.—The maximum retail price after March 17 will be 1s. 4d. instead of 1s. 6d.

Premier's Hope at Industrial Parliament—Warns Labour to Go Steady.

WOMEN TO HELP IN UNREST INQUIRY.

A speech which will have a great effect on the industrial crisis was made yesterday by the Premier at the Labour "Parliament."

The following are points from Mr. Lloyd George's speech:—

You cannot make demands for increased pensions and for increased unemployment benefit without crippling the energies of the State.

The summer I hope that the cost of living in a working man's household will have gone down by 4s. a week in the cost of certain necessities.

Certain restrictions are impeding the chariot of industry. These restrictions are inseparable from the blockade.

The atmosphere of suspicion, instead of clearing, is thickening. Something has got to be done by both sides.

The conference resolved to appoint a joint committee, consisting of an equal number of women and men to report on the causes of unrest.

WHAT PREMIER TOLD 800 DELEGATES.

"Atmosphere of Suspicion Thickening."

Mr. Lloyd George, in his speech at the Industrial Conference yesterday, said:—

I came here to listen to a frank discussion and I have had it. (Laughter.) It has been very frank speaking about employers, about the Government, about the chairman, and about myself.

There was a saving note of statesmanship in the speeches.

Referring to the unemployment grant, the Premier said:—

There is only one note of warning I would give about every demand that character on the Treasury of the nation. It is always assumed that it is inexhaustible and that this money, dropping like the gentle rain from Heaven, blesses him who gives and him who takes. (Laughter.)

Especially him who takes. (Renewed laughter.) You cannot make these demands one moment for increased pensions, another moment for increased unemployment benefit, without casting a burden upon the resources of the State, which means the resources of the country, and I would only give warning that when these demands are made they always cripple the energies of the State in some other direction.

CAUSES OF UNREST.

"The Blockade Is a Weapon You Cannot Part With."

The temporary causes of the unrest are the state of nervous strain after four or five years of tremendous effort and great sacrifice.

There is dislocation of industry which has come from war. We have to put it back, and that is not easy.

There is the cost of living forced to a very abnormal height by the conditions of the war. We are going back gradually.

By the summer I hope that the cost of living in a working man's household will have gone down by about 4s. a week in the cost of certain necessities. By the end of March you will have achieved about half of that.

There is another cause of unrest. It is with difficulty that we can get the machinery of trade and business and industry to start, and until it starts there will be unemployment and growing unemployment, and we want to get it to start.

I hope that in a very few weeks the preliminaries of peace will be signed.

That, to a certain extent, will abate the dispute.

But more than that; the signing of peace will enable us to remove a good many of the restrictions which are impeding the chariot of industry.

THE BLOCKADE.

These restrictions are inseparable from the blockade, and the blockade is a weapon you cannot part with until the treaty of peace is signed.

The confidence of the employer, of the contractor, of the business man, has got to be restored and the confidence of the workers has also got to be restored.

There is an atmosphere of suspicion which must be removed.

I always found that the employer thought that the worker was trying to bluff him and the worker thought that the employer was trying to get the better of him. (Laughter.)

Mr. Lloyd George greeted the outburst of laughter with the remark: "There you are, as a gentleman sitting here said, they were both right." (Renewed laughter.)

The Prime Minister, continuing, said: It was impossible to get an arrangement or settlement until somehow or other you got rid of that, and I have been watching the thing as now a very old hand at the business.

I am sorry to observe that the atmosphere of suspicion instead of clearing is thickening. (Hear, hear.) Something has got to be done to clear the atmosphere of suspicion.

If you do that I have absolutely no doubt

that you will be able to establish industrial conditions that will be permanent, something that the trader can put his foot on without even slipping, and something, on the other hand, that the worker can trust to without fear of suffering owing to over trust.

Something has got to be done by both. It is no use talking about recommitments and blame. I have never seen a quarrel yet, and as a lawyer I have had to settle many where the fault was entirely on one side. Never!

There are faults here on both sides.

I think the employers would do better if they trusted their workers more about their business. The workman thinks that something has been kept back from him, that the whole of the facts are not before him.

I have noticed that very much in this mining dispute.

"A WISE EMPLOYER."

Increased Efficiency and the Workers' Share.

I do not know whether that is accurate or not. It is no part of my business to offer an expression of opinion about the future of the country. I am only a Commissioner about to sit in judgment about the whole industry. All I can say is this: It would have been better if all the facts which would have enabled the mining leaders to express an opinion had been placed at the disposal of these gentlemen.

A wise employer would make it clear by experience that whenever there is increased efficiency in any business and the workmen contributed to it, the workmen will get the full share of whatever advantage is derived from it.

I believe, said the Premier, that if employers and workmen co-operate, work together, introduce improved methods in the business, save, economise in production, they will be able not merely to meet increased burdens, but they will be able to have a margin that will further improve the conditions of all classes.

But in order to do that you must restore confidence between all sections of those who are engaged in the work of industry in this country.

WOMEN ON COMMITTEE.

Premier's Resolution Passed by the Conference.

Mr. Lloyd George said that he approved of a resolution by Mr. Henderson in this form:—

That this conference is of opinion that any preventable dislocation of industry is always to be deplored, and in the present critical period of reconstruction may be disastrous to the interests of the nation.

It resolves to appoint a joint committee, consisting of an equal number of workers, men and women, with a chairman appointed by the Government, to report on the cause of the present unrest, and the steps necessary to safeguard the interests of employers and employed.

The resolution was carried.

Another delegate asked the number of workmen's representatives and also of employers' representatives present.

Sir Robert Horne: I am told there are 800 workpeople's representatives against 300 employers' representatives. I think the meeting will agree that those who voted in favour of the resolution were more than one-half of the meeting. (Hear, hear.)

"TIGER" RESUMES DUTIES

M. Clemenceau and Marshal Foch will confer to-day upon the conditions which are to be presented at the Peace Conference.

An official communiqué stated that M. Clemenceau arrived at the Quai d'Orsay at 2.50 p.m. and entered unassisted. He was present at the drafting of the terms of a Commission, and left at 3.10 p.m., looking remarkably fit.

MEN AND MASTERS IN GREAT PARLEY.

Snapshots of Speeches at the Conference.

POLICE WHISTLE BLOWN.

Points from the discussion in the Industrial Congress yesterday:—

Mr. Brownlie (president of the A.S.E.).—Metal workers in Belgium are out for a forty-eight-hour week and the British rate of wages. This was an opportunity for the Premier to raise the issue at the Peace Conference and get it settled on an international footing, so that we could compete with foreign countries on an equal footing.

Mr. Ben Turner (Weavers).—While many people were unable to buy the necessities of life they read in the newspapers of seventy-nine nightdresses for one woman. Conscript wealth, squandered by fortune and made hours of labour shorter, so as to abolish unemployment.

STATE OWNERSHIP.

Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P. (Railwaymen).—The organised workers of Great Britain demand that they should become real partners in industry, jointly sharing the determination of working conditions and management. Miners, railwaymen and transport workers stood unalterably for State ownership of mines, railways and inland and coastal transport.

Mr. Clynes.—He would ask for this Government as he would for a Labour Government that it should be given a chance. If this Government did not give effect to its programme it would not be surprised if it got notice to go. (Mr. Lloyd George: And deserve it too.) You could get no wealth without work. Labour unions should accept the new condi-

MINERS' STRIKE POSTPONED.

The miners yesterday postponed the strike notices until March 22, and they decided to take part in the Commission.

tions. From 53 to 47 hours for engineers, was a greater reduction than the A.S.E. could expect before the war.

Mr. Marston (Police).—Demanded representation for police on identical lines with other classes of workers. At the conclusion of Mr. Marston's speech a police whistle was blown, causing great amusement.

Miss Stevens (Catering Trades).—In Bermondsey the average wage during the war was 18s. a week. People who talked of fur coats would have to get them out of their head.

"STATE AS PROFITEER."

Mr. Moss (Liverpool Employers' Association).—The Government was the biggest partner in profiteering, taking £35 out of every £100 extra profit of the smallest shopkeeper. The working classes should not be taxed through their stomachs.

Mr. Arthur Henderson.—The industrial crisis was of a menacing character. It was a purely temporary experience, and something ought to be done immediately. He moved the appointment of a joint committee consisting of an equal number of employers and workers with a chairman appointed by the Government.

Mr. Stuart (Chairmen of the Parliamentary Committee of Trade Union Congress).—Seconded the resolution. Neither employers nor workmen, unfortunately, entirely trusted the Government.

NEW HUN REVOLUTION?

Berlin, Wednesday (received yesterday). The newspapers are openly discussing the second revolution. Uprisings and strikes are on the increase.

The miners and other industrial workers of Halle have broken out.

The Munich Workers and Soldiers' Councils have threatened to put to death ten of the leading citizens if the Government makes use of Prussians against Bavaria.

Herr Noske demands that the Reichstag shall immediately authorise the raising of 200,000 militiamen.—Exchange.

The Soviets have proclaimed a republic in Saxony and announced a general strike in Leipzig, says an Exchange Berlin message via Amsterdam. All railway traffic in Saxony is stopped.

Two hundred thousand people walked in Kurt Eisner's funeral procession, says the Central News.

PRINKIPO OFF.

The idea of a conference at Prinkipo with the Bolshevists had been abandoned, said M. Tardieu yesterday, by a telegram expected some-thing would be done for the purpose of bringing about order in some other way.

France and Belgium were opposed to letting Germany again occupy the left bank of the Rhine as an offensive base.—Reuter's Special.

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VISLOK automatically adapts itself to irregular Bolt diameters or thread variations.
VISLOK can be absolutely locked in any position on any Bolt UNSUPPOTED.

VISLOK is a self-contained Unit—no extra parts.
VISLOK is fixed by spanners like an Ordinary Nut—no special tools required.
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SOME FAR-SIGHTED COLLIERY MANAGERS HAVE ALREADY ADOPTED VISLOK EXTENSIVELY AND PLACE REPEAT ORDERS CONTINUALLY BECAUSE

THEY HAVE PROVED THAT VISLOK'S GUARANTEES ARE TRUE AND RELIABLE

A Colliery Manager's Unsolicited Testimonial:

Ponthenry Colliery, February 23, 1915.

"The VISLOKS are used on places where ordinary nuts put on double would not remain locked for even a few hours, such as on Shaking Screens, Eccentrics driving the same and those driving the Washery Plungers; Eccentrics of small Hauling Engines and other places where there is considerable vibration.

"We have found VISLOK exceedingly effective and reliable; in fact we have not had the slightest trouble since adopting it."

GEO. ROBLINGS, Manager.

Are You among the Number

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 Cannock Chase
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 Coal Distillation Co.
 Consett Iron Co.
 Cornelly Quarry Co.
 Craglington Coal Co.
 Cragglestone Collieries
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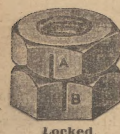
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VISLOK is one of the many inventions which appear after a Great War to ameliorate working conditions and to advance Progress and the Betterment of Mankind.



TO MOTORISTS

IF CASTLE AND SLOTTED NUTS COULD SPROUT WHAT CROPS THE ROADS WOULD GROW!
 If you doubt this statement look at the wood pavements of London.



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PATENTED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1919.

THE GREAT CONFERENCE.

YESTERDAY'S great National Industrial Conference may be the first sure symptom of better times.

Or it may be one more of the innumerable failures to "reconcile Capital and Labour."

Much depends on the spirit, as the Archbishop of Canterbury's letter affirms. But much also depends on the Conference's determination to get to the root of these constantly recurring industrial crises.

It will not be enough just to settle this dispute, though, we all know, it is important enough to get it settled. What we want, beyond that, is to foster a lasting spirit of conciliation, to establish a permanent machinery of effective consultations—the home equivalent of the League of Nations abroad—so that our country shall not have to go through these fits of fever at ever more frequent intervals.

Mr. Brownlie was right, then, in demanding yesterday an investigation of "basic causes." It will no longer do, indeed, to "skim the surface."

But what, after that, are Mr. Brownlie's "basic causes" or root principles?

One is: "The workers are not going back to the social and industrial conditions that obtained prior to the war."

Another is: "It is the duty of the Government to provide employment for all adults, or to provide the necessary money to keep them in comfort."

Just like France in 1848! The right to live, the right to work!

Now the trouble is that *this* is not basic at all.

Nature, the laws of nature, are humanity's root-laws; and nature recognises no right to work or to live. She has her iron rules: laws of population, laws of food supply, laws of space and transport. And if any of these laws is broken by man, it is no good man uttering pious or truculent wishes and demands that the "Government" should provide all with a fixed income and plenty of work, unless they're out of work, when they must have the income all the same.

The "basic" question is: "Can it be done?"—realised?" And to that question the conference must address itself.

It will assist immediate answer, if Mr. Brownlie and others, instead of talking about the "Government" doing it, talks about the taxpayer doing it. The taxpayer! in fact, *other workers*.

"Other workers" must supply all adults with work and pay.

Now we are getting to the basic problem. Please put the matter so, Mr. Brownlie!

THE HAPPY PRINCESS.

WE have no sympathy with those puritans who cry that royalty should ride in taxicabs and tubes, that Cinderella's coach should be abolished, and that beautiful princesses should be married in blue serge.

As far as pageantry goes, we are not for "democratic royalty." And the crowd isn't for it either.

As you may have noticed in London yesterday.

A multitude eager to forget sorrow and ugliness! Myriads of faces longing for beauty and peace!

And here it all was, in our drab streets—the coach, the beautiful Princess Patricia, the romantic and sympathetic match, the glorious Abbey, "the bridesmaids all in blue."

It was a relief. It was an enchantment. We are grateful to the happy Princess (that was) for being so pretty. We congratulate her on getting married so prettily.

W. M.

WHEN A WIFE IS TOO TIDY!

MUST WE RETURN TO SPRING CLEANING THIS YEAR?

By C. MOLYNEUX.

A FEW days ago there appeared in *The Daily Mirror* an announcement that must have brought joy to the heart of the housewife.

It was a statement that the necessary materials for her coming spring-cleaning would be plentiful.

Was this news equally welcome to her husband? I wonder!

Can a wife be too tidy? not, of course, as to herself, but in regard to the keeping of her husband's house?

I say emphatically she can be!

It is strange how, even as between those who are closely united by affection, tastes may differ.

To me, for instance, a duster is simply an abominable thing.

I dread to see it come near me—or near to

If I remonstrate with the little lady—and at last driven to desperation—tell her "not to fidget so," she replies "I ought to be thankful for having so tidy a wife"; and seems so hurt and looks so pretty I haven't the heart to scold her further.

"But why don't you try to reason with her?" you say.

I have done so again and again.

I have put it to her: "Is it really worth while tiring yourself out, giving yourself headaches, neuralgia and all sorts of aches and pains for the sake of attaining a state of super-cleanliness and super-tidiness?"

And always she makes the same answer:

NO USE REASONING!

"There are no degrees of cleanliness and tidiness—a house is either clean and tidy or it isn't."

If you wish to know what some other men may have to say to the above question you should meet my friend Jones and have a word with him on the subject.

Jones loves his garden.

Well, one day, on returning from town, he

WHEN WE GET STATE CONTROL OF TRANSPORT.



Most people will welcome the new and very comprehensive ideas of Transport Control, so long as they do not produce some of the situations that have followed on food and drink control.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

anything belonging to me. It has, times out of number, wrought havoc among my papers and caused me hours of fruitless search for things that it has touched.

To my wife, on the other hand, it is a beloved object.

That fluffy-headed thing—known as a dusting-brush—gives me the shivers whenever I look at it; but she will tenderly take it in her hand and go "a-hunting" after grains of dust with as much delight and zeal as the sportsman takes his gun and goes in pursuit of game.

In search of her quarry she will stretch her dear little body almost in half to reach the top of a picture; or grovel on her knees to get beneath a heavy piece of furniture, until, fearing she may hurt herself, I have to put my book down and go to her assistance.

My smoking is her bughbear. Woe betide me if, perchance, I accidentally drop my cigar-ash on the carpet, or on the arms of my chair. By this simple act I transform—as with a magician's wand—my drawing-room into a pigsty!

went straight into his garden, eager to see whether certain beautiful rosebuds had come fully out, and found in the middle of his lawn a large square patch of brown, dust-covered, down-trodden grass, and all his rose trees and most of his other flowers coated thickly in dust. Almost beside himself with rage, he summoned his housemaid and said:

"Who the dickens gave you permission to beat that confounded carpet on my lawn?" (To be quite truthful, "dickens" was not really the word he used.)

And the maiden answered simply:

"Please, sir, the missus."

Without another word, Jones stalked into the house and interviewed Mrs. Jones. He said a few very earnest words to her, and came down feeling relieved and looking better.

"But," he always adds when telling his experience, "I don't think they'll try that game on a second time."

And I, who know the language Jones can use when annoyed, am inclined to agree with him.

C. M.

"QUIET EVENINGS."

HAS MODERN RESTLESSNESS PUT AN END TO HOME LIFE?

THE WIFE'S FAULT?

WIVES are very nice creatures. But quiet evenings are not the same to them as to us. They have such ideas of what we men want to talk about!

They "feed us up" with all the worries and nuisances of the day. Such-and-such a servant has given notice. Another is ill. The house wants repainting. A big bill has come in, often goes out to avoid it, and take my wife with me. Somehow when she is out with me her mind seems to forget these troubles. And certainly I don't want to hear about them after a long day's work!

A QUIET HUSBAND.

Richmond, Surrey.

THE TELEPHONE TORTURE.

PERSONALLY I like nothing better than a quiet evening at home.

Yet I, too, find myself at the theatre or music-hall almost every night.

The reason is I can't get quiet at home.

The telephone prevents it.

I am liable to be rung up on business, and the very thought prevents peace.

This is typical of the sort of misery that makes quiet home life impossible these days. D. M.

NEW GAMES WANTED.

WE want some decent new round games! An inventor of a good new home game would make a fortune and keep us all at home.

That is my opinion of the "quiet evening" controversy. A SCHOOLBOY.

THE CONTRAST.

THOSE who grumble at spending the evenings at home have evidently never lived for months in dark and dirty dug-outs, with the scream of Hun shells constantly overhead.

If they had, they would be able to appreciate their blessings, instead of grumbling at the comfort and happiness of an evening at home.

DEMORALISED.

"BEAUTY AND BRAINS."

I READ with great interest your article entitled "Beauty and Brains: Why Not Both?"

But I cannot say that I agree with the views expressed.

I maintain that the pretty girl is so conscious of her attraction that she is unable to bring all the powers of observation to bear upon difficult and arduous tasks.

Her plainer sister has the advantage over her in this instance, as owing to the absence of admiration and flattery (which naturally follows in the train of beauty) her mind is more clear to concentrate on her work with better results.

There are, of course, exceptions in both cases.

D. H. S.

"POOR SPECIMENS"?

NO man should marry unless he can afford to keep a wife.

Therefore it follows that the man who sends his wife out to earn money is directly or indirectly living upon her earnings—proving himself a very poor specimen of manhood.

REALITY.

"STRUCK!"

ONE hears a great deal in these days about strikes and the want of consideration on the part of the strikers for those he strikes.

There is, however, a strike which is suffered by many (especially in Wales) in silence, and that to me seems the most horrible and unnecessary strike of all, inasmuch as it is not only a disturber of the peace, but it is a most soul-destroying strike to those who are "struck"—for clock!

What in the world does one want to have the hours of the night thundered out for just when one wants to forget everything?

Until the authorities in the Church begin to show consideration for others, it is no use them teaching it to others. I and many have been put to absolute torture by such a strike just because the majority of people at a distance like to have their ears tickled by it during the night.

Colwyn Bay.

GERTRUDE M. CRAIG.

THE FAITHFUL LOVER.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend Upon the hours and times of your desire? I have no precious time at all to spend, Nor services to do, till you require. Nor dare I chide the world without-end hour Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you, Nor think of bitterness of absence sour When you have bid your servant once adieu; Nor dare I question with my jealous thought Where you may be, or your affairs suppose But, like a sad slave, stare and think of nought. Save, where you are how happy you make those. So true a fool is love that in your will, Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

—SHAKESPEARE.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 27.—Snowdrops, single and double, are now in full bloom and make a beautiful show in the February snow. These early flowers look pretty growing round beds and in formal lines, to be seen at their best we must have them in broad masses in the grass and under trees.

In some gardens snowdrops are difficult to establish, but in favoured localities they increase in beauty year by year.

They must be planted quite early in the autumn, and should be set fairly deeply in the soil.

E. F. T.

MASTER AND MAN: LABOUR PARLIAMENT MEETS AT WESTMINSTER.



Mr. J. Sutton (on left) arriving.



Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., speaking. "You can get no wealth without work," he said. The Premier is seated.

What is probably the most important gathering of its kind ever held in the history of this country was held at Central Hall, Westminster, yesterday, when coalowners, rail-

way directors and heads of great manufacturing concerns sat side by side with Labour leaders, representing 12,000,000 workers.



TO WED DOCTOR.—Janet, daughter of the Rev. G. B. Doughty, to marry Arthur Lynch, M.D., F.R.C.S., captain R.A.M.C.



COMMISSIONER.—General Sir N. G. Lyttelton, one of the two new commissioners of the Duke of York's Military School.



THE WEDDING GROUP.—The bride, bridegroom, bridesmaids and the little pages, the Earl of Macduff and the Hon. Ramsay, who carried the train. The bridesmaids were Princess Mary, Princess Maud, Princess Ingrid, Lady May Cambridge, Lady Helena Cambridge, Lady Victoria Cambridge and the Ladies Joan and Ida Ramsay.



MILL STAR.—Miss Maggie McLean, a Stockport mill girl, who "tops the bill" at a Birkenhead music-hall this week.



MISSING.—Lt. Ludlow, R.O.Y.L.I., missing at front since August, 1918. Write Messrs. King and Ludlow, Bow-street, W.C.



Land girls can carry it—



—And a man can pull it quite easily.

NO MORE SPADES.—Mr. Mote's plough can do ten times more work than can be done with a spade, and thus save allotment holders untold labour. (Daily Mirror photographs.)



HALF AND HALF.—A dress which has taken first prize twice at Dover. It represents a bluejacket and his bride.

Read the Splendid New Story NOBODY'S LOVER

The opening chapters of which will be found on page 12.



URSULA LORRIMER.

This romance of Ursula Lorrimer, written in the best style of Ruby M. Ayres, forms one of the most fascinating serials ever published in "The Daily Mirror."

WHAT IS THE BEST AGE FOR MARRIAGE?

"YOU MUST NOT WAIT UNTIL YOU ARE TWENTY-EIGHT!"

By JAMES ALEXANDER DUNCAN.

In this article early marriage is advocated. It is a subject upon which there is much diversity of opinion, and there are many sound arguments for and against.

A CLAUSE in a will published this week expresses the wish that the children benefiting would not marry until they reach the age of twenty-seven.

Is that the ideal age for marriage?

Why twenty-seven years any more than twenty-six or twenty-eight.

The choice is purely arbitrary, and there is nothing in the experience of marriage to support it. On the contrary, if you want evidence to warrant the fixing of the best marrying age, the average doctor will furnish it and will tell you that twenty-two or twenty-three is the ideal from the physical and social point of view.

Marry young and live long. That is the prescription.

Early marriages are best from every point of view. It is true that present conditions—the lack of houses, the uncertainties of employment, the general unsettlement following the war—place many difficulties in the way. But these will pass and will probably be succeeded by fairer skies and brighter matrimonial prospects.

USELESS FURNITURE.

We age too quickly in this world. For that reason marriage should not be postponed until the thirties come in sight. The young man and the young woman who put off marriage year after year in order to pile up an increasing accumulation of household goods often end in adjourning the wedding altogether.

They become blasé, nervy, irritable; the sparks fly and, well—"no wedding bells for them." They drift hopelessly apart.

This craze for "getting everything in advance," including the furnishing of several bedrooms (which are rarely used) is assisted by the growing ambitions which attend nearly all prolonged engagements.

A completely furnished house offers no guarantee of happiness. It may indeed be said to lead to foolish expenditure in maintenance, to straitened circumstances and raw tempers.

Young people of twenty-three rarely want so much useless furniture and so many appointments as do those of twenty-six or twenty-seven.

When marriage is deferred simply to collect means to set up an establishment the appetite seems to increase by what it feeds on.

The idea of a cottage piano is succeeded by that of the grand piano. The six-roomed house becomes "too small." And so on and so on.

It is better to take the plunge when you have got to the cottage piano stage! Don't wait or you may be lost.

The war has made such an excessive draft upon our reservoir of physically splendid youth (and the influenza epidemics have made the situation worse) that we must replace, so far as is possible, what has been lost to the State in quality.

DON'T WAIT!

Now the finest children are those of parents in the early twenties. Early marriages produce vigorous children. Early motherhood is best for the child; best for the mother.

The State, then, should do all in its power to promote early marriages. It should popularise them.

"Be a bride at twenty-four" ought to be preached from the posters—like economy of coal is urged.

The blessings of wedded bliss might be advocated on a propaganda film.

"Don't wait till twenty-eight" might be trumpeted from a thousand pulpits.

Marriage can only be successful when it is coloured by romanticism. What youth of twenty-seven is romantic nowadays? At twenty-six he is emerging into the cynical and lethargic state.

With two young people deeply in love no difficulties exist. The trials of marriage are swept out of their path. They see everything rose-coloured.

This is as it should be.

Moreover, marriage quickens all the faculties. The wedded couple of thirty-five or forty who became parents at twenty-four are in the prime of physical and mental health. The small trials of the bringing-up of children are over.

To the altar, then, young people. Ye who hesitate are lost.

J. A. D.

DIVORCE COURTS OR COOKING SCHOOLS?

A RECIPE TO KEEP HUSBANDS AND WIVES TOGETHER.

By JUDGE HENRY NEIL.

The Well-Known American Writer.

A LONDON business man who has been married just seven weeks said to me a few days ago:

"My wife is the best cook in England. I would like you to try her American lemon pie."

The next day he brought one of her home-made lemon pies to me, and fifteen minutes after eating a portion of it I was doubled up with violent cramp.

The next time I met this man he said:—"Wasn't that lemon pie delicious? Now come to my house to dinner and my wife will serve the finest meal you ever ate."

I said to him: "I will come to your house gladly, but only provided you let me cook the dinner myself."

He laughed. He thought I was joking. But I meant what I said. And I went to that home and cooked a dinner of really digestible, nourishing food at less cost than the average substantial meal.

Few housewives in England know how to cook, and that is the greatest cause of divorce and desertion.

If the Government would set up schools to teach housewives how scientifically to prepare food for husband nourishment, most of England's domestic troubles would disappear.

Many housewives think that a large quantity of material served hot comprises a good dinner. As a matter of fact, many of such

meals are indigestible and not easily assimilated at all.

They simply give the digestive organs an overdose of hard work without providing much real nutriment to the system.

The other day I lunched with Sir Arthur Newsholme, England's Chief Official Medical Officer of Health.

We lunched at a place in Brighton where the food was scientifically selected and uncooked.

This meal was delicious, abundant, satisfying and nourishing; but it was very expensive.

One of my scientific dinners I prepare in this way:—

Take five strips of salt American bacon, cut them into very small pieces and fry until nearly all the fat is cooked out of the bacon.

Then add a large can of American baked beans and stir until all the fat is cooked into the beans.

Serve hot, but do not add salt or pepper. The hotel will supply all the seasoning required.

With this serve hot home-made muffins with butter or margarine, whichever you have handy.

Fresh celery and cheese finishes a dinner fit for a king, or a dyspeptic husband.

Now I can assure you that this is a meal for a family of five, and it costs less than the same amount of nourishment that can be provided in any other way.

It will also prevent divorce if taken in time.

To decrease the number of divorces in England, housewives must learn how to select and prepare uncooked foods, or they must be taught how to cook.

The Government would find cooking schools cheaper than Divorce Courts.

H. N.



WITH THE BRITISH FORCES IN ITALY.—A lorry breaks down on the road. Note the contrasts in traffic.—(Official photograph.)

GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR NEW WRITERS?

A REPLY TO "WHEN OUR FAVOURITE AUTHOR STRIKES"

By MARY FORD.

SUPPOSING the Favourite Author did strike? As one who knows the world of books and the men who write them, may I in all humility point out that such an event would not be quite such a national calamity as your contributor suggests.

On the contrary, more than one publisher would rub his hands with glee, and hundreds of writers whose names appear only in the Street and Telephone Directories would jump for joy... and the public?—well, Mr. Favourite Author is not the only man who can "deliver the goods," and their appetite for fiction would be satisfied equally as well by Mr. Boding Author!

The front line of writers whose names are household words is a thin one—and well worn! We see the same names emblazoned on book-stall placards over and over again; the publishers' fiction lists become monotonous by reason of the same eulogies of the same writers.

When we pick up a book by Mr. Penanplot we know full well before we turn to the first page the type of story we are about to read.

We become accustomed to reading the same old plots—re-written; the same old situations—re-written; the same old heroes—in a new guise; and the same old heroines—in new frocks and hair of a different tint!

Don't you think that the fiction-reading

public would welcome a change—a book on strikingly new lines by an author who comes to them as a stranger—with new ideas, fresh plots and a new way of weaving them?

Publishers are very conservative—many of them are afraid to exploit new talent. The publication of a book is a speculation; if it hits the popular fancy a fortune is made, if it's a "miss" it involves loss of money.

It is mainly for this reason that book publishers aim at contracts with the big writers, and you find that Mr. Penanplot is "tied up" exclusively to Messrs. Story Book and Co. to write so many books per year at a fabulous figure.

Novels that emanate from the pen of "big" writers are oftentimes good—but hundreds that are given pride of place on the book-stalls would be ruthlessly "turned down" if they bore the name of a writer who has yet to make his name!

A leading publisher showed me a novel the other day by a writer whose name is a household word.

"I'm bound to take it," he said, "for the sake of the name. If I turned it down—well, it's good-bye to his novels for the future!"

For, yes, the popular writer is appallingly independent. He has made his name and can afford to trade on that fact, irrespective of the quality of his work.

Thus I say that a Favourite Author strike would be a welcome event to many. It would leave a gap in the "front rank"—a gap that would speedily be filled by a writer from the ranks of the Great Unknown!

M. F.

WHEN WOMEN WIELD THE CUE.

BILLIARDS CHAMPIONSHIP OF 1920—A FORECAST.

By L. D. BROWNLEE.

Will women ever take to billiards as to other games now that Birmingham has led the way?

EXTRACT from a daily paper, 1920:—

Last night, at Burston's Rooms, Piccadilly Circus, the final of the ladies' amateur billiards championship resulted in a win for Miss Willardye Whipwash, Cullompton's colossal cueist, who thus gains the coveted title of amateur lady champion. Throughout the competition Miss Whipwash's play has attracted much attention by reason of its strenuous, almost whirlwind character, and never were her methods more in evidence than last night when opposed to Miss Ervyntrude Sogg, of Podgecombe-cum-Podgecombe. Miss Sogg is of the super-scientific school, and has been aptly described as a player who literally "strokes the balls about the table."

Appended are the chief details:—

3 p.m.—After a safety-miss by Miss Sogg, Miss Whipwash, attempting a forcing losing hazard, puts over ball into fireplace and red into eye of elderly male spectator. Latter removed to Charing Cross Hospital.

3.10 p.m.—Miss S. carefully studies position of "ivories."

NERVOUS SPECTATORS.

3.15 p.m.—Miss S. still studying position. Has examined "angle of incidence" from each end and side of table.

3.20 p.m.—Miss S. still studying. With diffidence is dissuaded from going into Piccadilly Circus to examine "angle of incidence" there. Several spectators go out, leaving their telephone numbers at the box-office and asking to be rung up in the event of further play. One incragible enthusiast from Podgecombe-cum-Podgecombe sends out for high-tea and a sleeping bag.

3.30 p.m.—Miss S. plays and miscues.

3.31 p.m.—Miss W. now brightens matters with a sprightly run of five. Playing with remarkable power, she pots the red clean through the top left-hand pocket and thence into the Mayor (and corporation) of Cullompton. After Mayor (with corporation) has been removed to Charing Cross Hospital, Miss W. essays, with complete success, her "anti-aircraft cannon," in which striker's ball, after collision with red, leaps high into the air and falls, via the ceiling and light-shades, on the white object ball.

3.33-4.0 p.m.—Play slows down. Score now 18-15 in Miss W.'s favour.

4.15 p.m.—Miss S. complains table is untrue. Alleges further that she dare not play slow, delicate shot, as ball is blown about by draught. Spirit-levels, wind-gauges, altimeters, spectroscopes and periscopes are procured, and Miss S.'s allegations disproved.

NO MORE CASUALTIES.

4.30 p.m.—Score 22-19, Miss W. still leading. Latter now attempts her famous "bounding cannon." Striker's ball advances up the table with gigantic leaps, crashes upon the red, then ricochets, via three spectators, two walls and four pictures back to the table, where it just fails to connect with object white tucked away in baulk. Five spectators—three suffering from concussion, two from cuts from broken glass—removed to Charing Cross Hospital. Onlookers generally getting nervous. Several ex-officers send for their tin hats. One timid soul crawls under table.

5.30 p.m.—Miss W. cuts the cloth.

6.15 p.m.—Miss W., attempting very delicate kiss-cannon, splinters red ball, several of said splinters impinging upon marker's eyeball. Marker removed to Charing Cross Hospital.

6.30 p.m.—Miss W. again cuts the cloth.

6.50 p.m.—Deafening applause as Miss W. reaches half-century after nearly four hours' play. Enthusiast from Podgecombe-cum-Podgecombe emerges from sleeping bag and sends out for second high tea.

7.30 p.m.—Miss W., using long jenny, cuts cloth twice. While removing implements to rack, partially decapitates enthusiast from P-cum-P. Enthusiast removed (in sleeping bag) to Charing Cross Hospital.

7.50 p.m.—Miss W. fairly sure of victory. Miss S. complaining bitterly that science has no chance on a table which now resembles a golf course. Miss W. makes her chances still more certain by ripping the cloth in four other places.

8.30 p.m.—Miss W., attempting a nursery cannon in jaws of pocket, puts down all three balls and runs out.

8.31 p.m.—Charing Cross Hospital rings up to say that it can take in no more casualties.

L. D. B.

INVITED AND UNINVITED GUESTS TO PRINCESS PATRICIA'S



Only by linking themselves together and forming themselves into a "Hindenburg line," could the police hold the crowd.



The bride and bridegroom leaving.



A pantechicon formed a point of vantage which those below much envied.

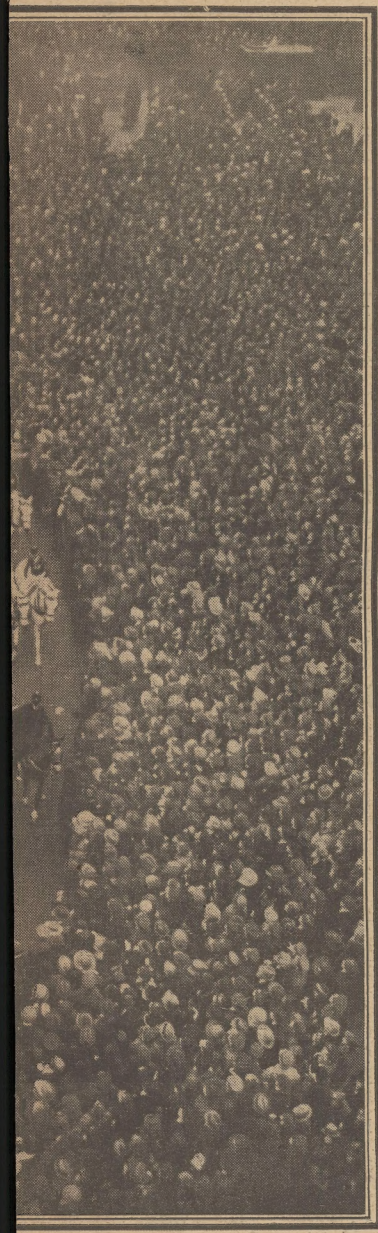


Mr. Bonar Law.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



The police had the greatest difficulty in keeping the crowd back.

WEDDING: CROWD BREAKS THROUGH THE CORDON OF POLICE.



as even London seen such a crowd



wd, which several times broke through the cordon.



The colours which the bride wove with her own hands.



The people situated at a lower altitude envied the pantehniconites.



A human "Hindenburg line." This one could not be broken,



The bride and bridegroom leaving the Abbey after the ceremony.



The Earl of Crewe arriving.



On the monument, Bread Sanctuary.



Admiralty girls stood on waste paper baskets



"Don't be late."

"Don't be late. Remember Jack is coming home to-night."

"All right, mother. I won't be late. But we've just finished the tin of Rowntree's Cocoa—be sure to get another tin in time. None but the best is good enough for Jack, so let's give him a warm welcome with a cup of Rowntree's."

There are many
Cocoas not so
good as

Rowntree's
Elect Cocoa



READY TO SERVE.

You are always sure of a dainty meal at a moment's notice if you keep a tin or two of "Jack Tar" Pilchards in the larder. They need no cooking—burn no gas or coal—waste no time. Just open the tin, turn out the delicate pilchards in their rich piquant tomato sauce, and serve. If a friend calls unexpectedly, so much the better. You can give him no more delicious fare than "Jack Tar" Pilchards.

**JACK TAR
PILCHARDS**

Guaranteed by Angus Watson & Co., Newcastle-on-Tyne.

**A PAIR OF KID
GLOVES FREE.**—Send us the name of a grocer who does NOT stock "Jack Tar" Pilchards. We will send post free to the first six applicants whose letters are opened each morning, from the 1st February to the 30th April, a pair of Ladies' kid gloves of the value of 5s 6d (state size and colour when writing). Angus Watson & Co., Dept. 54, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Where are you going on March 3rd?

On Monday Margarine is free. If you wait until Thursday next, you will be able to get what you want at last—the fresh, delicious, creamy Margarine that you enjoyed in pre-war days.

Pearks Margarine

in

Fresh Rolls

per 1/- lb.

Come right in and order as much as you please. There's plenty for all—ready and waiting in our clean, white-tiled shops; big, creamy rolls of it, as good and as nourishing as butter.

Don't forget. Thursday next is the day, and the place where you're always sure of getting the best is at Pearks Stores.

You can also buy

**Pearks
Margarine**

per 10^D. lb.

Unsurpassed for quality and value.

X *Special Bargain this week:—* X

**NEW LAID 4^D.
EGGS each.**

Pearks Stores

Over 400 Branches
throughout the Kingdom.

The Meadow Dairy Co., Ltd.



Lady Swaythling, a patroness of the Victory Ball in aid of the dependents of seamen lost in the war.



Miss Angela Tollemahe, a Victory year debutante, daughter of the Hon. Douglas Tollemahe.

LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY.

Will Sir D. Haig Go to India?—The Street Corner Physiognomist.

THERE was just enough sun "to swear by," as an enthusiastic lady pointed out to me, on Princess Patricia's wedding day. In the morning the sun showed faintly through the grey clouds for a few moments, so it shone on the bride, if only for a limited time. So the old tradition was satisfied. "Happy is the bride," indeed, who has such a loving greeting on her wedding morning from London's citizens.

Big Crowds.

The sightseers began to gather early in the morning. Before nine o'clock people began streaming towards Westminster Abbey. All the pavements along the royal route were comfortably covered by ten o'clock.

Many Spectators.

All along the route one noticed overseas men waiting for the royal couple. Even the uninitiated "male eye" could see that the women spectators had put on their brightest hats. George Canning's statue was adorned with four soldiers, who had a splendid view.

In the Abbey.

After the ceremony hundreds of people made their way to the chancel of the Abbey to look at the place where an hour before Princess Pat had stood to be married. To stand in her place was the great ambition. Impervious to the quiet entreaties of three stately vergers, they would not "move on."

Unprecedented.

Order was restored eventually. As I left there was a queue waiting to take their turn to see the Abbey. A vergers said, "I have seen nothing like it before." Which one can well believe, for it was the Abbey's first royal wedding.

In the City of Light.

Paris will have an opportunity of welcoming, in her own inimitable way, yesterday's royal bride. Commander Ramsay, I believe, will be the British Naval Attaché in Paris, a post which many sailors will envy him, and with much reason.

"David."

The Prince of Wales rushed over from France for the wedding. Not many outside the Royal Family know that he is always called "David." There were so many "Teddies" and "Berties" in the Royal Family when he was a baby that considerable confusion arose, and it was Queen Alexandra who gave her little grandson the name by which he is now usually known.

Haig for India?

I heard an intriguing rumour yesterday connecting Sir Douglas Haig with the supreme military command in India. A commander-in-chief will be wanted before long. Sir Douglas has seen much service out there, and is still regarded as the best inspector-general of cavalry that the Dependency has ever had.

St. David's Day.

Mr. Lloyd George will not go to Paris until Tuesday at the earliest. He means, if he possibly can, to share the St. David's Day dinner on Monday at the International Hall, Piccadilly-circus. Everyone of the three hundred seats at the dinner table have been taken.

Obstructive By-laws.

The Government has given out a contract for five hundred million bricks. A good deal of the delay in bringing forward the Housing Bill, I am told, has been caused by the difficulty arising from myriads of old by-laws which ought to be scrapped.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Too-Big Transport Bill.

Wherever I went yesterday in political circles I found people saying that the new Transport Ministry is top-heavy. It aims at far too many things. Control of electric power supply is almost certain to be lopped off.

Italy's Modesty.

The report that Italy only proposes to ask a war indemnity of £600,000,000 from Austria has rather surprised the diplomatic world. During the war the usual complaint was that Italy demanded too many guns and shells. Anyway, Austria has not got a bottomless purse nowadays.

Americans and Alcohol.

I agree with Dean Waco that numbers of Americans who abstain in their own country need stimulants over here. Dining the other night with two famous Americans, I was told that they always took wine with meals in Europe, but for years had never touched it in America. "You don't seem to need it in our climate," they explained.

Prayer and Revolt.

A Calcutta friend tells me that Sir Andrew Fraser, one of the latest victims of influenza, was a man of very sound judgment, but seemed to lack executive ability in a crisis. In no scoffing spirit, I may mention that he was so deeply convinced of the efficacy of prayer that he believed riots—very prevalent in Bengal in his time—could be quelled by prayer alone.

Poet's Clearance Sale.

A publisher who has inflicted upon the world a good share of war poetry books, took me into his stockrooms yesterday. He showed me half a dozen long shelves packed with volumes. "Every book was done at from a



Miss Margaret Halsatan will appear in "The House of Peril" at the Queen's Theatre soon.



Miss M. Pratt, "mentioned" for her services at the Military Hospital, Clifton Camp.

shilling to three-and-six," he said to me. "I have offered the lot at threepence each; but I cannot find a buyer."

A War Memorial.

It is suggested that the Newmarket war memorial should be houses for disabled soldiers. This is a sound idea, for it is practically impossible to get a house at Newmarket nowadays.

The Committee.

The leading Newmarket trainer, the Hon. George Lambton, has been appointed chairman of the committee. Other members are Lord Derby and Sir Ernest Cassel.

A Suggestion Bureau.

Lord Henry Bentinck, M.P. for South Nottingham, has started a new fashion for legislation. To-night he will be at one of the schoolrooms in the Lace Town ready to hear "any complaints" from his constituents. His "complaints and suggestions bureau" is a novel institution even for the democratic representative of the dual house of Portland.

A Democrat.

Most M.P.s are only too thankful when heckling and election time is over to submit to it voluntarily when they are safely in the House. Lord Henry is noted for his deep interest in social questions, especially as they affect labouring people.

No Smoking, Please!

In the Lobby occasionally I have been amused to see new members strolling about with cigars in full blast. They do not do it very long, for a stern policeman soon reminds them that it is strictly forbidden.



Lord Henry Bentinck.

A General Break Up.

Lord Inchcape is on the mend, though he still has to keep to his bed. The doctors think he will be up and about in a few days. He is one of the chief pillars of the Big Three in the recent bank amalgamation, and as such can ill be spared from the country's business at a time when we are faced with industrial crises every hour.

A Newcomer.

On Monday Miss Margot Kelly—herewith—will take the part of the bride—hitherto played by Miss Dot Temple—in "Oh Joy." Miss Kelly has been making the transatlantic piggyback sit up and take notice for some years, but now her foot is on her native Strand.



Miss Margot Kelly.

Scriptural.

The London stage will not be entirely without an Arnold Bennett play when "The Title" finishes. Miss Lillah McCarthy intends to produce a drama by Mr. Bennett at the beginning of May. It will not be a modern piece, though, for it deals with the Jewish heroine Judith.

Your Character for 2d.

A crowd attracted my attention in Oxford-street yesterday. I found a very small man doing a very large trade. Two-minute character reading from the face proved to be the latest lunch hour entertainment. The physiognomist told me that his "clients" are for the most part clerks and typists from neighbouring offices, who love to hear all about themselves for a modest twopence.

Street of House Fronts.

British film producers are speeding up for the coming all-English boom. I hear of one firm which is contemplating the erection of a street of twenty-two house fronts, representative of all types, between a miner's cottage and a millionaire's palace.

Fashionable "Jewellery."

I notice that quite a large number of "demobbed" men are still wearing their identity discs on their wrists. Some of these bracelets are of silver, and I have actually seen a few gold ones.

Where to Dance.

The dancing boom has brought into being the Hyde Park Dance Club, which meets at the Hyde Park Hotel every week. The membership of the club is restricted to men members and guests. It is perhaps the most exclusive dance club in London.

Free Transport.

One of the innovations arranged by the committee goes straight to the heart. Transport will be provided to enable members and guests to get home after the dances! We may now defy the taxi and the Tube.

Racing in Ireland.

There is a rumour in Ireland that if the Sinn Feiners persist in their sportsmanlike tactics of stopping hunting the far-famed Punchestown and other race meetings may not be held. This policy of reprisals might possibly bring the Sinn Feiners to their senses.

All Blacks' Tour.

"Rugger" men will be interested to hear that the New Zealand fifteen have arranged a short tour in Ireland. Rugby has been a dead letter in the Green Isle since the war.

A. P. M.

Major T. E. Manning, who has been appointed Assistant Provost-Marshal, will be remembered as the former Northamptonshire cricket captain. He wears a gold stripe, and has been mentioned.

'Flu-Stricken Eton.

I regret to hear that Eton is being ravaged by the prevailing epidemic. There have been several hundred cases of influenza.

A Double Blue.

I am sorry to hear that Captain Mainprice has resigned his commission through ill-health. He was a great "Rugger" half-back, and also played at Lord's for the Light Blues.

THE RAMBLER.

Put your money into

War Savings CERTIFICATES

and watch it grow

15. 6	becomes	£1
£7. 15. 0	becomes	£10
£23. 15. 0	becomes	£50
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£193. 15. 0	becomes	£250
£387. 10. 0	becomes	£500

WAR Savings Certificates are the safest and most profitable investment in the World. Your money grows without any effort or care on your part. It grows even while you sleep. If you want your money back before it has grown to its full extent, you can obtain repayment AT ANY TIME by giving two or three days' notice to the Post Office—but if you are wise you won't.

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NATURAL FIGURE CORSETS

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CUT, STYLE & FINISH

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QUEEN'S ROAD, LONDON. W. 2.

BOLLY'S LORRIMER

By RUBY
M. AYRES



Ursula Lorrimer.

CHAPTER I.

"BURYING THE LATCHKEY."

THE occupants of the long table at the far end of the restaurant had been so persistently rowdy and hilarious all the evening that everyone looked round in startled amazement when the noise suddenly ceased and the ring-leader of the merry-making rose from his chair at the head of the table, glass in hand, preparatory to making a speech.

"Gentlemen!" he began, and was instantly greeted with loud table-thumping and cries of "Hear, hear."

An elderly man dining near by with a pale girl dressed in deep mourning half turned in his seat and looked scowlingly towards the end of the room.

"Disgraceful, I call it," he said. "A public nuisance! People who want to make such a row should dine in a private room. I shall speak to the manager before I go."

"They seem to be enjoying themselves," the girl answered listlessly.

She was watching the young man at the head of the table, and her sad eyes were faintly interested.

There was a certain smartness in the outline of his figure that seemed to speak of Army training; something about his clear-cut features that rather appealed to her, though, had she been closer to him, she would have seen that the hectic flush in his cheeks was due to the excess amount of champagne that had been consumed at the table during the evening, and that he was rather hollow-eyed and thin.

The deep tones of his voice reached her distinctly now that the hubbub had once more subsided.

"The pleasant duty of proposing the health of to-morrow's bridegroom has fallen to me, a duty which I have the greatest pleasure in performing."

He turned and looked down at the man nearest to him, who just now wore a decidedly embarrassed expression, and was tugging crustily at an incipient moustache.

Jack Rattray dropped a hand to his friend's shoulder.

"The best of good luck, old bean! A long life and a merry one. That it will seem a long life, whether it is or not, you may be sure! All married life seems long to me."

Now he turned to the girl, and spoke from experience, but . . . The gay voice broke suddenly, and the girl watching from the table close by saw him sway and crash forward on to the table before anyone could reach him.

In an instant the room was in the uproar. Everybody rose to their feet. A concerned group closed about the fallen man.

The girl asked an agitated question of the man with whom she was dining.

"Oh, what is the matter? He must be ill. Oh, what can be the matter?"

The elderly man laughed gruffly. "He alone of all those present had not stirred from his chair. His only complaint was . . ."

"Ill! Drunk!" he said disgustedly. "A most disgraceful exhibition, I call it. I shall certainly complain to the manager."

"Drunk!" The girl shivered, and sank back again in her chair. She kept her head deliberately averted from the table at the end of the room, her face disconsolately disgusted.

"Disgraceful, I call it," her companion went on grumblingly. "I thought this was a respectable restaurant. Apparently there is no such thing nowadays." His rather greedy eyes were eagerly scanning the menu. He called sharply to a waiter hurrying by.

The man stopped reluctantly. "Sir?"

"Can you tell me if those people are at the end of the room? A most disgraceful scene I call it. Such rowdiness should not be allowed in a public room. I shall certainly complain to the manager before I leave."

The waiter looked slightly offended. "It's what you might call a 'latchkey party,' sir," he answered defensively. "Burying the latchkey, so to speak—there's a wedding to-morrow, and . . ."

"And the bridegroom is the disgraced young jackanapes who has just made such an exhibition of himself, I suppose," the elderly man cut in disagreeably. "A good beginning, certainly."

"That is not the bridegroom, sir," the waiter answered. "It's a Captain Rattray—a regular customer here, he is—an invalid officer—done magnificent work in France, so they say, and as to him being a disgraceful fellow, that's another matter."

"Ill!" the other interrupted. "Drunk! That's what's the matter with him. . . . Don't argue with me—I say he is drunk. . . ."

The waiter walked away without answering, and joined the group at the far end of the room.

"Invalid officer, indeed!" the elderly man scoffed. "Some people seem to think because a man's been in khaki it gives him the right to behave exactly as he pleases. You're not eating anything," he added sharply, looking at the girl.

"I'm not hungry," she pushed her plate away. "I told you I wasn't before we came in."

"Rubbish! A girl of your age ought to be hungry. The food set up to me, I admit, and the prices are scandalous, and always will be until the Government step in and stop this disgraceful profiteering. Well—I shall have some cheese."

A look of weariness crossed the girl's face. She would have been decided the girl's face. She looked happier, though she had a cold, dissatisfied expression that marred her beauty.

Her eyes were grey and slightly critical, and there was a dignity in the whole bearing which was rather inconsistent with her youth.

The group at the far end of the room had moved now. Glancing quickly towards them she saw that two of the men were supporting the one whom the waiter had spoken of as

Captain Rattray. He was laughing rather noisily, and the girl frowned and looked away. When the door had closed behind them she leaned her elbows on the table and looked at the man opposite her with anxious eyes.

"Uncle Henry, what is to become of me?" The man shifted uneasily. His voice was irritable as he answered:

"There is always a home for you under my roof, as I told you, if you like to listen to reason and be willing to give your aunt a hand in the house; or if you won't—you must go out and earn your own living, as nine out of every ten girls are doing nowadays. I can get you a job in a bank, or one of the City offices. There are plenty of firms who would be only too willing to give Henry March's niece a post!" he added complacently.

The girl's pale face flushed. "And—my career?" she asked with trembling lips.

Henry March frowned. "Your career be hanged!" he said brutally. "It's all stuff and nonsense; I never believed in it, and you'll have a job to fit anyone who will."

"Aunt Milly believes in it," she answered quickly.

"Your aunt is a fool," said Henry March. "Mad, as all the Lorrimeres are, and you're no exception to the rule," he added, with a grin that was meant to be playful.

The girl leaned back in her chair with a hopeless little gesture, and after a moment he went on:

"Come now, which is it to be? Are you going to settle down with me and your aunt? She'll be glad enough of your help, I know—what with the infernal independence of servants nowadays. . . ."

"It gave a little shiver." "I can't, Uncle Henry—I should hate it—and you know I should."

"That's not very complimentary," he answered, but he did not sound in the least offended. "The matter must be decided now. He was a mean man, and a selfish one, and it went very much against the grain with him to think that he might be called upon to support someone who was only a relative by marriage."

"Well, then, we'll see about the bank, or an office, shall we?" he asked more graciously.

"You can have your choice, and there's no hurry for a day or two."

"I should like a day or two to think it over," the girl answered faintly.

AN INTRODUCTION DECLINED.

THE room was almost empty, and she took up her coat. "Isn't it time we went?"

"I suppose it is," Henry March cast a last regretful look at the menu and shouted for his bill.

When he followed his niece from the room he was smiling complacently.

"A set of thieves, waiters are!" he said. "Charged me for two rolls, and I only had one. I'll tell them that they can't rob me with impunity."

He went off to get his hat and coat, and the girl was left standing alone in the vestibule.

There were not many people about—most of the diners had already left to go on to the theatre, and she sat down rather dejectedly on a couch to wait. Henry March would not hurry himself, she knew. Already she could hear his voice raised in argument with the cloak-room attendant.

"I thought I was not mistaken," said a voice beside her. "It is Miss Lorrimer, isn't it?"

The girl raised startled eyes, then flushed, and looked down.

"Oh, Mr. Bailly! Is it really you? I thought you were the other side of the world. What are you doing here?"

The young man laughed; he took her hand in a friendly grip.

"I've just come home to be demobilised. I saw you in the restaurant just now, but was not sure."

"I didn't see you. Where were you sitting?"

"I'm afraid I was one of the rowdy party at the end of the room," he admitted. "We rather scandalised everyone, didn't we? But Spicer's to be married to-morrow, so we've just given him a send-off. You didn't know Spicer, did you?"

She shook her head. "No, I don't think so."

"He was with us in France, before I went out East. And now tell me, how is your father? I was going to ring him up to-morrow. By jove it is dead!"

The girl flushed painfully, then the colour died slowly down, leaving her very white.

"Didn't you know?" she asked. "Oh, Mr. Bailly, he's dead—he died a month ago when he was only nineteen."

"Good heavens!" The young man turned crimson. "I'm such a clumsy fool—I might have guessed—your black frock! Oh, Miss Lorrimer, I can't tell you how low and distressed I am!"

"He caught cold," she looked away. "Please don't talk about him any more; I can't bear it just now. . . . Are you staying long in London?"

"Only till the end of the week, but I shall see you again, shan't I? I'm putting up at the Ritz, aren't you?"

Her face hardened. "I'm staying in Kensington."

sington with my uncle and aunt." Her eyes wandered across the vestibule to where Henry March was still intent on his pugnacious argument. "My uncle is here—I should like to introduce you, but . . . She broke off. Somehow she did not think either of the men would appreciate the introduction.

"All the chaps I was with to-night were in the room," the young Bailly said, filling the rather awkward silence, "except Rattray. Spicer knew your father. He'll be awfully cut up when he hears. . . . He broke off. "Here they come," he added. He turned eagerly towards the two men approaching. "Rattray!" he called.

The girl laid an arresting hand on his arm. "Oh, please, if you don't mind, I would much rather not meet Captain Rattray." Her voice was frigid. "And anyway—my uncle is waiting now, so if you will excuse me." She held her hand to him. "I will write to you," she added.

Young Bailly flushed crimson. He knew that Rattray and Spicer must have heard every word she had said. For the life of him he could not answer her, and she turned away, her dainty head held with great dignity.

THE LEGACY.

HENRY MARCH was waiting impatiently, his narrowed eyes watching his niece disappearing. Perhaps it was the consciousness of his scrutiny that made her nervous, for at any rate as she passed where Rattray stood she stumbled over a loose end of a rug and dropped a little bag she carried at her feet.

Rattray stooped with grave politeness, picked it up and handed it to her. She hardly looked at him as she accepted it, hardly murmured a word of thanks, and her face was icy as she joined Henry March and turned with him to the door.

The three young men looking after them with mixed chagrin and amusement heard Henry March question her with gruff suspicion.

"Who was that talking to you? He was one of the chaps that dined with me to-night. What do you mean by letting him talk to you?"

The swing-door opened and closed, and the girl's reply was inaudible.

Rattray laughed. He looked white and ill, but he seemed to have lost none of his exuberant spirits.

"My murky past seems to have spread itself abroad," he said grimly, looking at Bailly. "Who is the haughty young duchess, anyway?"

Bailly answered with embarrassment. "You heard what she said, of course. Hanged if I know what she meant by it. She's a jolly nice girl, really. You know who she is, don't you? She's Lorrimer's daughter."

"Lorrimer's daughter? No! Jack Lorrimer!"

Bailly nodded. "Yes, and I say, isn't it awful! He's dead—died a month ago."

"Good lord!" The two men looked at one another in frank distress. Rattray struck in impatiently.

"And who the devil is Lorrimer, that you are both pulling such long faces?"

"He was the finest sport I ever met," said Spicer gloomily. "Joined as a 'Tommy' when the war broke out. He was an old Army man, but got cashiered years ago for some prank or other. Wild cash he was, so they say. They gave him back his commission after a year in the ranks, and he came back with him when I left."

"Must have been rather an old stager to have a daughter as old as that," said Rattray indifferently.

"Miss Lorrimer is only nineteen," Bailly answered resentfully.

Rattray shrugged his shoulders.

"With the airs of a duchess! What on earth will she be like in another ten years? Suddenly she'll be a widow, and you fellows will all love her, won't you?"

"What a joke! It shocked her young modesty, I suppose, and accounts for the snubbing she gave me."

"Shut up!" said Bailly shortly. He was feeling very sad over the news of Lorrimer's death, and he resented Rattray's sarcasm.

"We'll get along home," Spicer said quickly. He slipped an arm through Rattray's. Wonder if there's a taxicab to be had; you're not fit to walk."

"There's nothing the matter with me," Rattray answered irritably. "It's only that the room was so confoundedly hot; I'm not going to have a headache whatever you say."

"Very well, then, we'll walk." Spicer had not known Rattray fifteen years for nothing, and he knew how touchy and irritable he could be when he was in a bad mood.

It was a cold, clear night in early March, just the night for an invigorating walk, but Rattray's steps flagged long before they reached his rooms in Knightsbridge, and he stopped dead in the stairs with a long breath and an angry laugh.

"I shall have to move; these stairs kill me!" He dragged himself the rest of the way with difficulty and dropped into the nearest taxi without even troubling to remove his overcoat.

Spicer mixed a brandy and soda and carried it over to him.

"When you're drunk that," he said. "I've got a few questions to ask you."

Rattray laughed. He held the glass aloft. "Well, here's to your future happiness," he said. "And may our friendship rest in peace."

"Not my wedding, I'm afraid," said Spicer. "My marriage will make no difference to our friendship, and you know that thundering well. Lorrimer's not the sort of woman to try and end it."

"Elsa is an angel," said Rattray. "I only wish there was some woman like her waiting for me in this rotten world." He drained the

glass, and set it down. "Well, fire away," he added resignedly, leaning back and closing his eyes. "You've got me in a bit of a fix, but I don't promise to answer them."

Spicer took up his stand, back to the fireplace, and began, "First of all," he began, "what did the specialist say?"

There was a moment of silence, then Rattray laughed.

"He said what I always knew, that my heart declines to mend, and that my number is up unless I can live a life of luxury and ease, winter on the Riviera, take a voyage to good-natured knows where, and all the rest of it. Unlike my uncle, who told me it was the result of fast living, he thinks it's the result of the war."

Rattray opened his eyes and looked at his friend with a whimsical smile.

"What do you suppose to do?" Spicer demanded. "Nothing."

Rattray got to his feet and stretched his arms with an exaggerated yawn.

"You'd best have a drink yourself," he said nonchalantly. "Because I've another shock for you—to-night in fact."

"I don't want a drink. Go on."

"This morning I heard from my uncle's lawyers. The old devil's will has been found and proved, and I am disposed of with the royal legacy of a thousand pounds."

"Rot!" Rattray nodded. "True story, old bean! The whole lot goes to a remote cousin of whom I've never heard and never want to hear of. I've got as much chance of living a life of luxury as I have of being made a brigadier."

He laughed shortly. "Hold hard—" as his friend would have spoken. The worst is yet to come! But I'll tell you the whole story in mocking tones, and he kept his eyes carefully averted as he went on. "When I heard I went round to tell Doris. I made a complete and utter fool of myself by promising to work like old Nick if she'd come and live with me and change it."

He paused, a long pause this time. "Well—she wouldn't," he added simply.

"You mean—she's thrown you over?"

"That was before you saw the specialist?"

Rattray nodded.

"You're well rid of her," said Spicer violently.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

THE other man winced. "Perhaps so—knowing what I do now—but you can't expect me to think so, for the moment at least. He began wandering restlessly about the room. "So there, you've got the story in a nutshell. You asked for it, or I wouldn't have told you, tonight of all nights."

Spicer's kindly face grew very determined.

"Very well. Now perhaps you'll listen to me for a moment. As soon as it can be arranged you'll take this voyage the doctor suggests, to—Funchal, or whatever place he mentioned. If it's a question of money, I'll broke off, to resume awkwardly. "You know anything I have in the world—"

"I know, but it couldn't be done. I may be a pauper, but even a pauper has a right to his pride, so if you don't mind, old chap, we won't say any more on that subject."

Spicer bit his lip. "Well, then, what about the thousand pounds?" he asked after a moment.

Rattray laughed. He took out his pocket case, hunted through it, found a newspaper cutting, and handed it to his friend.

"That's where my thousand pounds is going," he said.

Spicer took it reluctantly. The cutting had been roughly torn from a paper, and was headed, "Renewance."

"Will any five persons, charitably disposed, give fifty pounds a year each for two years for education of officer's daughter (old Army)? Exceptional case. All information and highest references."

"It's very interesting, no doubt," Spicer said dryly, handing it back. "But what the deuce has it got to do with you. . . ."

"I'm a charitably disposed person," Rattray answered. "My thousand will do what I am concerned five other students with never offer to do. I rather fancy myself as fairly godmother to an officer's daughter. I'm quite looking forward to receiving all particulars and highest references."

"I'm laughing. 'I'm not joking,' he added. "I wrote yesterday and am waiting results."

Spicer was scowling angrily. "You're stark, staring mad!" he protested. "You ought to be looked up. The whole thing's probably an impudent fraud."

"I don't think so; it appeals to me as being thoroughly genuine."

"Rubbish! For Heaven's sake, old man. . . ."

Rattray stopped in his restless wandering for a moment and looked at his friend with a new light.

"I can be obstinate as the deuce when I like," he said quietly. "You know that. And I'm going to be obstinate now. Hang it all, what have I got to live for, always supposing I do manage to hang on to life, which I sincerely hope won't happen? There isn't a soul who cares two penn'orth of cold gin what becomes of me; I'm what the char-lady who lives downstairs would call a 'cucumber of the earth.' Why shouldn't I get the gay and giddy philanthropist before I snuff out? I tell you I rather fancy myself in the part."

"If you weren't so profoundly proud," Spicer interrupted in real distress. Rattray cut him short.

(Continued on page 13.)

NOBODY'S LOVER

(Continued from page 12).

"We won't discuss that. I told you what I felt, and you ought to know me well enough to know that I shan't alter my mind." He glanced at a clock on the shelf. "It's nearly the witching hour of midnight. You ought to be off, my son, or you'll look very cheap in church."

"If Elsa knew..." Spicer began.

Ratray interrupted. "Elsa is not in confidence; or anyone else. I've told you this in confidence. Do you think I want my troubles, blazoned abroad? Have a drink before you go."

He obstinately refused to speak of himself again, though he laughed and talked on other subjects. Till Spicer took his leave.

Ratray went with him to the top of the stairs.

"If I'd got an old boot to spare, I'd throw it after you for premature luck," he said laughing.

"As it is, well, I dare say there'll be a white slipper of something to be had at the execution to-morrow, eh?"

But there was little enough of cheeriness in his thin face as he went back to his room and shut the door.

He crossed over to the fire and dropped wearily into the armchair, utter dejection in face and figure.

Retrospection was not a failing of Jake Ratray's, but to-night he did some dreary looking backwards into the years that were gone for ever.

The black sheep of a family who for generations had prided themselves on their impeccability, Jake had run away from home before he was out of his teens and roughed it all over the world. The death of his father and the inheritance of a considerable fortune, which was beyond anyone's power to divert from him, had finally brought him back to England, and for three years he had lived in wild extravagance. It was claimed for him that he had broken more hearts while his money lasted than any other man could boast of having done in a lifetime.

"Everybody's Lover" they had called him amongst the Bohemian set where he was best known. But the money had vanished, as money will in the hands of a spendthrift, and the outbreak of war with Germany came opportunely as far as Jake Ratray was concerned.

He was one of the first to enlist, went through two years' heavy fighting and was invalided out with a bad chest wound and shell-shock.

It was during convalescence down in Devonshire that he met Doris St. Clair. He was ill, that weak, depressed state when any woman with a pretty face was an angel, and he asked her to marry him.

He had prospects from an uncle, he told her, and honestly believed it. The uncle in question had apparently forgiven him for his past sins and wickedness because of his gallantry in the war, and had practically told Jake that he intended to leave him with certain assets.

The old man was dead now, and Jake's share of "everything" had turned out to be a thousand pounds!

Doris St. Clair was pretty and worldly enough to be ambitious for a thousand pounds was no use to her, she told him, certainly she told him quite prettily and with tears.

"Father says that everything costs a hundred per cent. more now than it did three years ago," she sobbed. "And we should have been poor enough then, goodness knows, I can't marry you, dear—you must see I can't."

She would have liked an affecting parting, but Jake cut it short by walking out of the house and slamming the door.

He had spoken truly when he said that there was nobody in the world who cared what became of him.

He thought inconsequently of the girl who had snubbed him in the restaurant that night, and his face flushed dully.

His veins tingled with a momentary desire to punish her for that unmerited snub, and the next he forgot it with renewed, aching memory of the girl who had thrown him out.

If only she had stuck to him! And yet... He knew he could not have married her now, after what the specialist had told him.

"Nobody's lover now, anyway," he said aloud bitterly. "Nobody's lover."

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER.

THE advertiser's reply to Ratray's letter came the following morning. He read it lounging over the fire in a dressing-gown.

Spicer's wedding was not till two o'clock, and though Jake was not in the least at all, he had been told that his services would not be required before twelve, when he was to see to the final arrangements, and call for his friend.

"It's the third time I've been best man to poor victims like you," he told Spicer chaffingly. "Isn't there some saying: 'Three times a best man, never a groom'—or have I dreamt it?"

Much as he liked the girl his friend was to marry, it still gave him a sense of soreness that Spicer was to be married at all.

He opened the letter leisurely, not recognising the writing, but the first few lines brought a spark of interest to his sombre eyes.

The letter had been forwarded from a library where Ratray was making arrangements for his acceptance, and, following his example, the writer had not signed it.

A meeting was suggested for that morning at eleven o'clock, at a tea-shop within easy distance of Ratray's room.

"It's a woman, I'll bet my life," Ratray thought. "Only a woman would have suggested a tea-shop." He read on amusedly. "I shall wear a white flower, you say you will, and carry a small velvet handbag."

"A woman, of course," Ratray told himself again, and a little unwonted feeling of excitement took possession of him. It would be an amusing way of spending the morning anyway, whether the interview resulted in anything or not.

He dressed hurriedly; wondered if he looked

ridiculous in his wedding get-up; hesitated, finally decided that it did not matter a hang how he looked, and fastened a white carnation in his button-hole.

But he felt decidedly self-conscious and embarrassed when he arrived at the appointed place, found it wanted ten minutes to eleven, and wondered whether, after all, he would not throw up the whole project and go back home.

But a certain earnestness, as well as an obstinate preference for doing the thing he had said he would do, restrained him; he went boldly into the shop and ordered a coffee.

There were several other tables occupied around him, but though he scanned everyone eagerly there was nobody wearing a white flower, nobody with a small velvet handbag.

Every time the door of the shop opened his heart beat absurdly fast. Once it almost stood still with disappointment when an elderly woman wearing a large white carnation sailed in and deposited herself at the next table to his.

But she carried no bag, and she was obviously not interested in anything beyond the dish of cakes which she ordered, and Ratray breathed again. Eleven o'clock came, five past—ten past.

He finished his coffee, which had long since got cold, and had put up his hand to remove the conspicuous white flower from his button-hole, when the door opened and a girl in black hurried in.

Ratray glanced at her and rose to his feet involuntarily, but she was not looking in his direction. Her eyes were scanning the occupants of the other tables with a nervous apprehension, while Ratray stood like a man turned to stone, staring at her with blank incredulity, for not only did she wear a white flower in her coat, and carry a little black velvet bag swinging nervously from her fingers, but she was the girl who had snubbed him only last night in the restaurant—the girl whom Baily had spoken of as Lorrimer's daughter.

There will be another fine instalment of this fascinating story to-morrow. Do not miss it.

THE LOVE TRAIL.

CONCLUSION.

ROY had accompanied Lonsdale from town and had been waiting at the railway station with Helen; hence his speedy appearance at the house.

His face was very pale as he entered the room, but his eyes were bright, and he carried himself with an air of confidence. His eyes sought Helen's face instantly, and the glance she flashed back at him told him all he wanted to know.

Mr. Latimer rose to the occasion. He stepped forward quickly with hand-outstretched.

"Mr. Dunham, I find I have done you an injustice, and I ask you to accept my apology," he said quickly. "I know the truth now. Will you shake hands?"

Gladly! Roy answered, and gripped his hand.

"I want to apologise, too," said Dennis, in turn, stepping forward. "Maybe you won't care to shake hands with me, but I want to apologise for my own conduct, and for Kitty, too. We've both been a little crazy, and—well, I guess we're real sorry. I know now you're a white man, and it would ease my mind if I knew you had forgiven me and Kitty."

"It is there," interposed Roy, his face lighting up with a smile, and the hands of the two men met in a long, close grip.

Kitty, her face twitching with emotion, slipped out of the room, and after a momentary pause Mr. Latimer again rose to the situation. He told Dennis by the arm, and anyone watching him carefully might have been prepared to swear that he winked.

"Let's go and find Kitty, Dennis," he said, and hustled Dennis out of the room.

As the door closed behind the two men, Roy wheeled round to Helen and held out his arms. Next moment she was folded to his breast, her soft arms were around his neck, and their lips had come to Helen's eyes, tears of pure joy and relief, for she knew that at last she had attained happiness and her heart's desire.

"You are going to marry me almost at once, sweetheart mine," said Roy masterfully, when he had kissed away her tears, and Helen was smiling into his eyes. "There isn't any need to clope now, and you can be married in satin and orange-blossom if you like, but it must be soon. Now tell me you are my wife shall I be really content, my wonderful Helen."

A month later they stood together on a rocky headland on the Cornish coast, watching the sun setting in a blaze of golden glory over the sea; it was the second day of their honeymoon, and they had climbed the rough and rocky path from the village to the headland, laughing joyously, but feeling as if they were on a pilgrimage to give thanks for their new happiness.

As the door closed after Kitty, and Dennis are on their way to Canada," said Helen reflectively after a long silence, and pointed towards the sun. "They, too, have found love, after nearly losing it, and I think they will be happy. Kitty seemed content and truly repentant, and I think she will try to make amends, and to make her husband happy."

"Yes, I think so," agreed Roy; "but never as happy as you have made me, dear heart."

He opened his arms, and Helen nestled to his breast with a glad sigh.

"My wife!" he whispered.

They stood silent, the golden light of the setting sun shining in their faces, then, hand in hand, they turned and went down the trail together.

THE END.

SHROVE TUESDAY

MARCH 4TH

Pancakes

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Edwards NOOEG

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There is a style for every figure, and every pair is guaranteed

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Holloway Road, London, N.7.

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LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

ALDEPH. "THE BOY." W. H. BERRY. To-night, at 8. Mats. Wed and Sat. at 8. AMBASSADORS—LEE WHITE in a new song show "US." Every Eve. 8.30. Mats. Tues. Fri. Sat. 2.45.

APOLLO. Musical Comedy. "SOLDIER BOY!" Every, at 8.15. Mats. Tues. Fri. Sat. 2.30. Ger. 3.24.3.

COROLY. Evening, at 8.15. "TALLS UP." A Musical Entertainment. Matines, Mon. Fri. Sat. 2.30.

COURT. Nightly, at 7.45. Matines, Wed. Sat. at 2.15. CRITERION. At 8. YOU NEVER KNOW Y'KNOW

DALY'S. At 8. THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS. Return of JOSE COLLINS. Mats. Tues. and Sat. at 2. DRURY LANE (Ger. 2.58). Evening, at 7.30. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 1.30. BAHES IN THE WOOD.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Eve. 8. THE MAN FROM TORONTO. Iris Healy George Lully. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. GARHIDEK—Ger. 9.55. THE PURSE SPRINGS.

Evenings. at 8. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. GLOBE—Manager, Marie Lehn. "NURSE BENSON." Every, at 8. Mats. Wed. Sat. at 2.15. (Last Week).

HAYMARKET. At 8. "UNCLE SAM." A Comedy of American Life. Mat. Wed. Thurs. 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. At 7.30. OBU CHIN CHOW. Mats. Mon. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.15.

HOLBORN EMPIRE. HIS ROYAL HAPPINESS. Every Afternoon, at 2.30. (Holborn 5367).

KINGSWAY. Ger. 6.02. OF THE NAVY. At 8. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Last 3 performances.

OH JOY! A new Musical Play. LONDON. PAVILION—C. H. Cochran's "AS YOU WERE." Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30.

LYCEUM. Nightly, at 7.30. "THE FEMALE HUN." Daily, 2.30 and 7.30. Ger. 9.15.

LYRIC. DORIS KEANE in ROXANA. Nightly, at 8. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.15. (Last Week).

LYRIC. HAMERSWORTH. At 8. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30. "ABRAHAM LINCOLN" by John Drinkwater.

MASKELYNES THEATRE OF MYSTERY. 144 & 8. Wonder Programme. 8.15. May 1915.

NEW-NIGHTLY. 8. "THE CHINESE PUZZLE." Ethel Irwin. I. M. Lion. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

OXFORD. "IN THE NIGHT WATCH." Every, 8.15. Mats. Wed. Sat. 2.30. Made Thinequid.

PLAYHOUSE. At 8. "THE NAUGHTY WIFE." Charles Hawtry, Gladys Cooper. Mats. M. Th. S. 2.30.

PRINCES. A Musical Farce. Mats. Wed. Fri. Sat. at 2.30.

QUEEN'S. THE LAKE OF THE NAIADS. At 8. Percy Hutchinson. Mats. Sat. 2.30. Last 3 performances.

ROYALTY. At 8.15. THE TITILE, by Arnold Bennett. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30. Another Show. Offered by H. V.

ST. MARTIN'S. A CERTAIN LIVELINESS. Seymour Hicks. Lady Tree. Every, 8.30. Mats. Tues. and Sat. 2.30.

SAVOY. Gilbert Miller presents "NOTHING BUT A P" "P" Every Eve. 8.15. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

SCALA. MATHEW'S LAWYER IN THE PURPLE MASK. Every, at 8. Mats. Mon. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

SHAFESPESBY. YES, UNCLE! (2nd Year.) Every, 8.15. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

STRAND. ARTHUR BOUTCHER in "SCANDAL." Evening, at 8. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.

VAUDEVILLE. At 8.15. Nelson Kest. PUZZ HUIZZ. Every, Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2.30.

WINDHAM. THE LOW DIVING. Offered by H. V. Evening, 8.15. Mats. Tues. Wed. Sat. 2.30.

ALHAMBRA. Every, 8. Mats. Wed. Thurs. Sat. 2.15. Bing Boy on Broadway. Violet Loraine. Mrs. McNaughton.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7.54). 2.30 and 7.45. Serge Diaghileff's Ballet. Every, at 8. Mats. Thurs. Sat. 2.30.

HIPPODROME. London. 2.30 and 8.30. Last 2 weeks. 2nd Edition of Box of Harts. Every, at 8.

PALACE. Every, at 8. Mon. Wed. and Sat. at 2.30.

AMERICA! Elsie Janis. Maurice Chevalier. Billy Mercer. PALLOMM. 2.30 & 8.45. Every Night. Offered by H. V.

Albert Whelan, Maude Scott, Ernest Hastings, etc.

NEW GAIETY. Mary Pickford in "Kate Kid." J. M. Kennedy in "Nearly Married" (Farical Comedy).

QUEEN'S (S.W.) HALL. Recent. Select Dances. March 5. Twice daily, 2 and 8. American Jazz Band.

PERSONAL.

WHITE—Enclose address.—M. D. T. PHIL.—Do the letter arrive all right. Can anything be arranged for Monday.—By.

ENTRANTS FOR BEAUTY CONTEST.



Clerk for two and a half years at the Ministry of Labour.



An entrant who lives near Marlborough, Wiltshire.



A London entrant. She lives in a Southern suburb.



From Thameside. An entrant who lives at Twickenham



A Londoner. She resides in one of the Northern suburbs.



Did useful work in the Records Office (Aircraft Section).



An entrant who is a resident of Bury St. Edmunds.



An entrant who lives in the neighbourhood of Southampton.

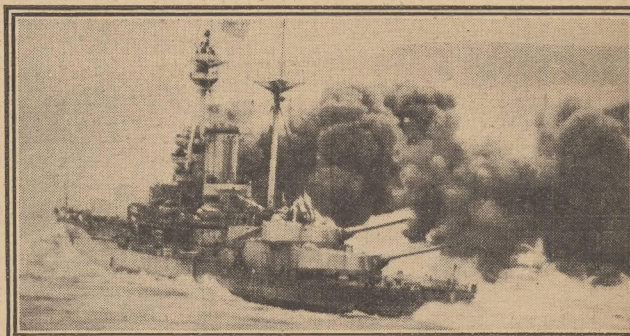


She has a good record of war service to her credit.

THE COLOURS OF THE P.P.C.L.I.



The colours which Princess Patricia sewed with her own hands being borne to Westminster Abbey for the wedding yesterday.



BATTLE PRACTICE.—H.M.S. Royal Sovereign firing 15in. salvo. The vessel belongs to our largest class of Dreadnoughts.—(Naval official photograph.)



AT CA. LISL.—Archway of saws, axes and peevies at the wedding of Captain Brown, Canadian Forestry Corps.



LABOUR CONFERENCE.—Mr. Arthur Henderson (right), arriving with Mr. J. Sutton yesterday.

SERGEANT MURPHY FALLS AT SANDOWN PARK.

Ballincarroona Wins February
'Chase for Captain Straker.

TO-DAY'S BYFLEET 'CHASE.

From Our Own Correspondent.
SANDOWN PARK, Thursday.

A nice drying wind prevailed at Sandown throughout the early hours, and did wonders for the course.

Seven horses turned out for the South-Western Hurdle. Of course, Carol Singer, who is a stock performer here, was a hot favourite. Peterloo made the running from Submit and Monard, but quite a long way from home Carol Singer came through, and although Submit made another effort on the flat, Mr. Baylis' horse won by a couple of lengths, with Monard, on whom Kelly did not get the clearest run home, another six in the rear.

It was a near thing between The Last and Minstrel Park for favouritism in the Ember Selling Steeplechase, but Mr. Parr's horse had a slight call at the finish. Shaccabac set a good pace for two-thirds of the distance, but two fences from home The Last appeared to be winning comfortably. From the last obstacle Glazier brought Minstrel Park with a fine rush, and, getting up opposite the number board, Mr. Bottomley's horse won a great race by a head. "Three hundred yards going begging," said a racing habitué when only three numbers went up for the Waterloo Hurdle Handicap. It was indeed a commentary on the dearth of good hurdlers that such a substantial prize produced such scant competition. The presence of Stainton frightened away a lot of opposition, although the selected of Gore's, Golden Daisy, was so much favoured that it was always possible to get even about Mr. V. Thompson's champion, Roundell, on Raybarrow, adopted the right tactics in forcing the pace, and lay last on the favourite all the way. Two hurdles from home Golden Daisy was called upon for an effort, and he momentarily flattered, but died away, Raybarrow coming in a length, with the favourite another four away third.

GRAND NATIONAL REHEARSAL.

As a Grand National rehearsal the February Steeplechase was quite spoilt by the defection of most of the top weights. After his showing behind Watertree at the last meeting, Sergeant Murphy was a little favorite, but had only a slight call on The Knocks. As he happened, it was impossible to draw any line between Sergeant Murphy and Watertree, for The Knocks came down two fences from home and involved Sergeant Murphy in a collision, leaving Ballincarroona, who held a promising place throughout, to beat Charlbury by two lengths, with Vermont a bad third. The winner's weight was corrected to 10st. 9lb.; Mark Back carried 10st. 3lb.

Straight On beat a warm favourite in Full Stop for the Granby 'Chase, in which Waylace again disappointed. Racing terminated with the Four-Year-Old Hurdle, won by Galician, with by three lengths a length from Chicago, with Diaz, the favourite, unplaced.

There is fine prospect of an interesting Grand National rehearsal to-day, when I anticipate Captain Dreyfus, Waterbed, Watertree, and Limerock will be among the runners for the Byfleet Steeplechase. Captain Dreyfus has not been out since last March, when he was beaten four lengths by Poethlyn for the War National.

Nothing had been seen of Limerock since his sensational fall in the corresponding race in 1917. But it is interesting to note that the pair were galloped together over two miles and a quarter early this week. Waterbed and Waverley we have seen recently. Sergeant Murphy's running day, and the considerable interest as likely to throw considerable light upon the prospects of Captain Bibby's horse.

SELECTIONS FOR TO-DAY.

- | | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1.0.—BATH. | 3.0.—SIMON THE TANNER. |
| 1.50.—WILL PATRICK. | |
| 2.0.—WAVERTREE. | |
| 2.50.—MINSTREL. | |

DOUBLE EVENT FOR TO-DAY.

*WAVERTREE AND SIMON THE TANNER.
BOUVERIE.

SANDOWN PARK PROGRAMME.

1.0.—WINCHEFIELD SELLING HANDICAP		
STEEPLECHASE, 100 sovs.; 2m.		
The Last (Mr. R. Parr)	Gore 12 0
Shaccabac (Major Pennyman)	Gore 12 0
Littie Brocher (Mr. G. Ayala)	Pool 11 0
Dublin Bay (Mr. A. Chis)	Pool 10 0
Above arrived.		
Six Percy (Mr. H. Brown)	Private 12 0
Castleton (Mr. H. Brown)	Private 12 0
Abaker (Mr. D. Stuart)	Hyams 12 0
Weston H. (Mr. F. Sigan)	Pool 11 0
Canard (Major Whitehead)	T. Filton 11 0
Marx (Mr. H. Trimmer)	Nightingall 11 0
Clas Ronald (Mr. H. Brown)	Pool 11 0
Croge (Mr. T. Higgins)	Pool 11 0
John A. (Mr. H. Brown)	Pool 11 0
Tray (Mr. B. Smith)	Pool 11 0
Golden Square (Mr. M. Juman)	Godfrey 11 0
Cowen (Mr. Cowen)	Pool 11 0
Royal Robe (Mr. J. Baird)	Private 10 0
Murray's (Mr. W. Rhodes)	Donnelly 10 0
Almader (Mr. H. F. Filton)	Pool 10 0
Will Patrick (Mr. J. Longmuir)	Gore 10 0
Oby (Mr. T. Walls)	Wall 10 0



HUNT STOPPED IN IRELAND.—Men of the Black Watch were in readiness to cope with any repetition of the disorders which occurred when Sinn Feiners tried to stop a meet in the Ward district the week previously.

2.0.—THE BYFLEET HANDICAP STEEPLECHASE.

200 sovs.; 3m.		
Watertree (Captain Bibby)	Withington 11 5
Ballymacad (Sir G. Bullough)	Hastings 11 0
Vermouth (Mr. P. Hechorn)	Pool 10 11
Turbine Secundus (Mr. V. Thompson)	Hartigan 10 10
The Knocks (Mr. P. Noh)	Gore 10 10
Martial IV. (Colonel Purvis)	Private 10 0
Mark Back (Mr. E. Wills)	De Winton 10 0
Above arrived.		
Poethlyn (10lb ex) (Mrs. H. Peel)	Escott 12 0
Captain Dreyfus (Mr. F. Hunt)	Hunt 12 0
Water Bed (Lieut. Col. B. Bird)	Sewer 12 0
Bernstein (Lord Londale)	Gore 11 10
Polton (Mr. J. Durdale)	Escott 11 10
Limerock (Captain E. Patterson)	A. Gordon 11 0
Pay Only (Mr. W. Hanly)	Pool 11 0
Shann Sinden (Mr. T. McAlpine)	Hyams 11 0
Rubinstein (Lieut. Col. Douglas-Pennant)	Gwilt 10 12
Bell Tell (Mr. G. Smith)	McDonagh 10 10
Boneray (Mr. A. Walker)	Hartigan 10 0
Scholmonsey (Captain Savill)	Law 10 0
Black Off (Mr. A. Sanders)	Private 10 0

2.30.—THE ANSELME HANDICAP HURDLE RACE.

100 sovs.; 2m.		
Golden Daisy (Mr. P. Noh)	Gore 11 8
Diaz (Mr. E. Hulton)	Hartigan 11 0
Armageddon (Mr. Sieber)	Siever 10 0
Above arrived.		
Croastree (Lord Derby)	Betty 12 0
Greenland (Mr. E. Hulton)	De Winton 12 0
Corn Cregar (Mr. A. Cunliffe)	Gore 12 0
Trucker (Captain Day)	Pool 12 0
Shank (Mr. E. Galdwell)	Widdett 12 0
Sevidine (Mr. P. Bibby)	Withington 11 11
Rock Abor (Mr. Court)	Young 11 11
Vanitie (Mr. G. Carlton)	Pool 11 8
Ballyhand (Mr. J. Ramaden)	Hartigan 11 8
Minard (Mr. Walker)	Pool 11 8
Sea Voyage (Mr. W. Blythe)	Pool 11 5
Theodorus (Mr. T. Gantier)	Pool 11 5
The Gunsey (Mr. Z. Michalson)	Hunt 11 2
Appleton (Mr. H. Brown)	Newey 11 0
Penman (Mr. E. Galdwell)	Widdett 11 0
Irington (Mrs. Robertson)	Pool 10 11
Donbriet (Mr. H. Turner)	Bradford 10 10
Shanook (Mr. H. Bradford)	Bradford 10 10
Merry Neok (Mr. M. Rhodes)	Donnelly 10 0

3.0.—THE DABERNON STEEPLECHASE, 100 sovs.

100 sovs.; 3m.		
Misleading Lady (Mr. W. Parrish)	Ireland 5 11
Liam Luere (Mr. H. Brown)	Private 5 10
Above arrived.		
Typical (Mr. F. Parnell)	Payne 12 5
Greenland (Mr. E. Hulton)	De Winton 12 5
Fabricate (Mr. G. Bird)	Private 11 12
Muddle (Mr. H. Bradford)	Nightingall 11 12
Familiar II. (Mr. J. Bradshaw)	Private 11 12
Shepherd (Mr. A. Gordon)	Gore 11 12
Simon the Tanner (Capt. Lawson-Gower)	Godfrey 11 12
Seventy Five (Mr. E. Naughton)	Godfrey 11 12
Familiar II. (Mr. J. Bradshaw)	Private 11 12
Prince Merriem (Mr. J. Potter)	Escott 11 12
Tayebash (Captain Straker)	Hartigan 11 12
Position (Mr. D. Stuart)	Hyams 11 12
Marx (Mr. H. Trimmer)	Nightingall 11 12
Dominator (Mr. D. Fabel)	Hartigan 11 12
Waterbed (Mr. R. Wootton)	Escott 11 12
Seneschal (Lord Derby)	Hartigan 11 12
Dominator (Mr. D. Fabel)	Hartigan 11 12
Her Highness (Mr. E. Hadley)	Hyams 11 5
Dominate (Mr. E. R. Sallier)	Pool 11 5
Liddington (Mr. Lindsay-Stewart)	A. Gordon 11 5
Daisy Custer (Lord Londale)	Gore 11 5
Admiralty (Mr. D. Stuart)	Hyams 11 5

3.30.—THE WARREN MAIDS HURDLE RACE, 100 sovs.

2m.		
My Memo (Mr. W. Hollander)	Hare 6 10
Start (Mr. J. Hare)	Hare 6 10
Above arrived.		
Eaton Hero (Mr. B. Basset)	Private 5 11
Kendal Flash (Mr. G. Bird)	Private 5 11
Evans (Mr. E. F. El)	Pool 5 11
Neville Holt (Mr. R. Knight)	Private 5 11
Fincher (Lord Coventry)	Gore 6 10
Misty Morning (Mr. A. Cunliffe)	Hartigan 6 10
Confessor (Mr. T. Gallely)	Pool 6 10
Tumbler (Mr. E. Goby)	Goby 6 10
Karaburun (Mr. H. Huggill)	Young 6 10
Ullswater (Mr. H. Hunt)	Young 6 10
Ullswater (Mr. H. Hunt)	Young 6 10
Whitby Road (Lord Londale)	Gore 5 10
King's Coat (Mr. A. Newman)	Turner 5 10
Alabaster (Mr. R. Wootton)	Sherard 5 10
Charles Martel (Mr. A. Cunliffe)	Gore 4 10
Acrobat (Mr. Giebellhausen)	Goby 4 10
Crane Again (Major Kibdon)	Colling 4 10
Abund (Mr. T. White)	F. Filton 4 10

TO-DAY'S FORM HORSES.

Below will be found the names of horses which have good credentials according to the book:

- | | |
|-----------------|-----------------------|
| 1.0.—BATH. | 3.0.—BERNARAY. |
| 1.50.—GLAZIER. | 3.50.—CHARLES MARTEL. |
| 2.0.—WAVERTREE. | |
| 2.50.—MINSTREL. | |

THE WHITE FRIAR.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

Lawn Tennis Challenge.—The British Isles have challenged for the Davis Cup. Australasia are the present holders.

Mr. J. E. Davis, until recently the chairman of the Motor Insurance Company, died yesterday in his ninety-fourth year.

Scotland v. Ireland.—The Scottish Football Association has agreed to meet Ireland on March 22, in Scotland, and on April 19 in Belfast.

Famous Irish Athlete Dead.—W. J. M. Newburn, the Irish athlete, for many years the best long jumper in the United Kingdom, has died in London from influenza.

Death of Berkshire Pole Player.—Lieutenant Ernest Tait of the Army Veterinary Corps, has died in France from pneumonia. He was a well-known Berkshire pole player.

WEST HAM'S DECISION.

How the Southern League Has Failed in Its Mission.

To one who has watched the growth of League football in London from its earliest days, the probable secession of West Ham from the Southern League will not fail to arouse the keenest interest.

I always think that the London clubs should have remained loyal to the Southern League. In so doing they could have raised it to an importance as great as any secured by the Football League.

In the days when Southern League clubs were team-raising, and when there was no agreement between the rival bodies, the Southern League bid fair to become quite as powerful as the senior body.

The refusal to admit Chelsea to membership, however, was a great mistake, and from that moment the fortunes of the Southern League diminished, and its power and prestige waned. Now any club in membership assured of election to the Football League would gladly make the change.

That statement will be denied, I know, but it is true. With Chelsea, Tottenham Hotspur, Fulham, the Arsenal and Clapton Orient of the London clubs and Bristol City in membership of the League, and West Ham on the way to take up membership, the Southern League has lost many of its more important constituents.

Of course there will be one football with Brentford, Crystal Palace, Queen's Park Rangers, Millwall, Southampton, Portsmouth, Plymouth Argyle, Bristol Rovers, Reading Swindon and Norwich City as a nucleus of the competition, but it will not be the same thing as if all the southern clubs were welded together in one powerful body.

No one can blame West Ham for their action. As so many clubs have gone over the better position is likely to be found in the League competitions.

P. J. M.

SANDOWN PARK RACING RETURNS

1.0.—SOUTHWESTERN S. HURDLE. 2m.—CAROL SINGER (2, Pigott), 1; Peterloo (7, H. Brown), 2; 2.30.—EMER'S CHASE. 2m.—MINSTREL PARK (6, Glier), 1; The Last (5, J. Kelly), 2; Shaccabac (H. R. Gordon), 3. Also ran: Cante (10), Sanctimonious, Submit and Stepon (1008). Winner trained by Hare.		
2.30.—EMER'S CHASE. 2m.—MINSTREL PARK (6, Glier), 1; The Last (5, J. Kelly), 2; Shaccabac (H. R. Gordon), 3. Also ran: Cante (10), Sanctimonious, Submit and Stepon (1008). Winner trained by Hare.		
3.0.—GRANBY HCAP CHASE. 2m.—STRAIGHT ON (7, Beardon), 1; Full Stop (7, J. R. Anthony), 2; Antipater (J. Kelly), 3. Also ran: Waylace (5), Turbine Secundus (101), Irish Chers (1007), Senese and Wood Dance (201). Winner trained by Nightingall.		
3.30.—FOUR-YEAR-OLD HURDLE RACE. 2m.—GALICIAN (7, G. Duller), 1; Chicago (101), C. Young, 2; Morning Star (72, W. Earl), 3. Also ran: Diaz (24), Gamely (11-2), Double Flutter, Sheraton and Blanco (1008). Winner trained by Darling.		

AERIAL "SMOKERS."

My Lady Nicotine's Shrine on Transatlantic Service.

The airship liners with which it is proposed to start a transatlantic passenger service will be scarcely less luxurious than the Mauretania. A Daily Mirror photographer who travelled by one of the giant German ships before the war found it a most delightful experience, marred only by one drawback. Smoking was "Verboten!"

The promoters of this airship service (Vickers Ltd.) have decided that part of the saloon will be fire-proofed and set apart as the shrine of My Lady Nicotine.

The passenger accommodation, says Flight, will be built along the top of the airship: an arrangement acceptable to those whose nerves are not equal to voyages in suspended gondolas.

Windows all round the saloon will afford a view of the ever-changing panorama, while the land and sea immediately below the ship can be seen in bird's-eye from the observation car, fitted below the hull towards the stern.

And the charge for so much comfort in novel circumstances is most moderate. Who can grumble at a modest £48 for the journey from London to New York?

"JUST A MISTAKE ON BOTH OUR PARTS."

Daphne, Lady Clifton's
Restitution Decree.

REMARKABLE LETTERS.

In the Divorce Court yesterday Mr. Justice Coleridge granted a decree of restitution of conjugal rights to Daphne Rachel Bligh, known as Lady Clifton, of Worthingham Hall, Beccles.

She said she married Esme Ivo Bligh, who was known as Lord Clifton, in June, 1912, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and lived at the Elms, Avenue-road, Regent's Park, and had two children. They lived happily together for a time.

In August, 1917, while she was staying with her father, her husband wrote her a letter saying that he did not want her back, but she returned to Tardworth.

Afterwards respondent was seldom at home, and told her that he had ceased to love her. He went away, and in 1918 she wrote to her husband:—

"I am writing to ask you to put an end to the present most unsatisfactory state of affairs, and to make a joint home for ourselves and our children, which surely should be our first care."

"If you will receive me, I will come at once, and if you would rather join me, by all means do so. Do not answer this in a hurry, but think well over the matter. Let us forget all that has passed and make a new start.—From your affectionate wife, Daphne."

The respondent wrote from the Bath Club:—

"Dear Daphne, I have received your letter asking me to return to you."

I have considered the matter very carefully again, and am more than ever decided that it is absolutely impossible, and this is my final and irrevocable decision.

"I HAVE MET SOMEONE."

What Hon. Mrs. Walter A. Trefusis Wrote to Her Husband.

"Dear Walter,—As you know, I have no intention of ever coming back to you. I have met someone whom I know I can be happy—John Craigie."

Such, it was stated in the Divorce Court yesterday, was the letter the Hon. Walter Alexander Trefusis received from his wife in September last.

Mr. Trefusis was granted a decree nisi because of the misconduct between his wife and the respondent, Mr. John Craigie. There was no defence.

Petitioner had been in the Army, and on the outbreak of war rejoined; he went over to Belgium with the Naval Brigade, was at Antwerp, and afterwards interned in Holland, where his wife visited him.

In 1917 he came home and reconciliated with his wife about a man; he offered to forgive, and she at first promised to return to Holland with him, but did not.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

FROM OUR CITY EDITOR.

The City, Thursday. Markets were quiet to-day all round. Rubbers opened buoyantly but failed generally to maintain their best points. Linggits 28s. 10d. (after 28s. 3d.), Trusts 32s. 1d. (after 32s. 3d.), Vallambros 28s. 6d., Selangors 35s. 4d., Highlands 58s. 6d., features.

In mines, Esperanzas 3s. up. 16s. 3d. Goldsiders rather offered 2 11-16. Randiontins favoured 17s. 9d. London Dublin, long forgotten, on Monday 5s. Tuesday 10s. yesterday 20s., to-day attained 35s. Company has acquired option 20,000 acres tin land in Nigeria.

Oil shares dull. War Loan 95 1-16.



Overseas Daily Mirror

THE PICTURE PAGE FOR THE DOMINIONS.
SUBSCRIPTION:
Six Months post free to Canada ... 16s. 6d.
To all other parts of the world ... 20s. 6d.
The Manager, Overseas Daily Mirror, 23-29, Bouverie Street, London.

Daily Mirror

Friday, February 28, 1919.

TWO VERY BRAVE MEN.



Mr. Edward Brown, of Sunderland, who in rescuing a woman from drowning in the River Wear, saved his thirty-fourth life.



Mr. John Johnson, of Bedworth, who at the risk of his own life rescued an entombed miner at Newdigate Colliery. He has just received a reward of £100.



INDUSTRIAL CONGRESS.—Mr. W. Straker (white beard), vice-president of the Miners' Federation, and Mr. J. Williams, Transport Federation, arriving.



READY FOR A SINN FEIN ATTACK.—Men of the Royal Irish Constabulary, with carbines under their capes, keep watch while members of the hunt ride to the meet.



AN ENGAGEMENT.—Edith, daughter of Mr. William Langman, J.P., of Snarebrook, Essex, to marry Lieut. Austin G. Hower, Medical Officer, R.A.F.



THE POLICE.—Sir Nevil Macready, Commissioner Metropolitan Police, who will not meet the present representative board.



FOR 'SERBIA.—Miss Mary Henderson, secretary Scottish Women's Hospital, who is forming an entertainment committee, as money is needed to carry on.

NO MORE SPADES: BOON TO ALLOTMENT HOLDERS.



Land girl can carry it home.

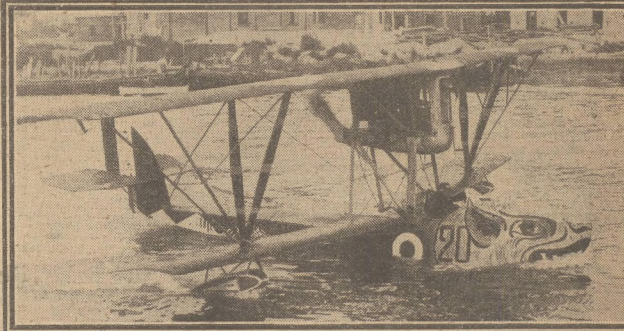


A man can pull it without any undue exertion.

Mr. Mote's ploughs will do ten times more work than can be done with a spade, and can save allotment holders untold labour. They should prove a boon to disabled men who cannot use a spade.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



HUSBAND ARRESTED.—H. T. Gaskin, who has been arrested in connection with the death of his wife at Camock.



NOT CAMOUFLAGE.—Many strange devices were painted on seaplanes, but merely for ornamentation and not to deceive or frighten the enemy. — (Naval official photograph.)



MANSION BURN'T OUT.—Tehidy Mansion, Camborne; after the fire, which left only four walls standing. It was recently purchased by public subscription as a Cornish war memorial, and was to have been used as a sanatorium.